

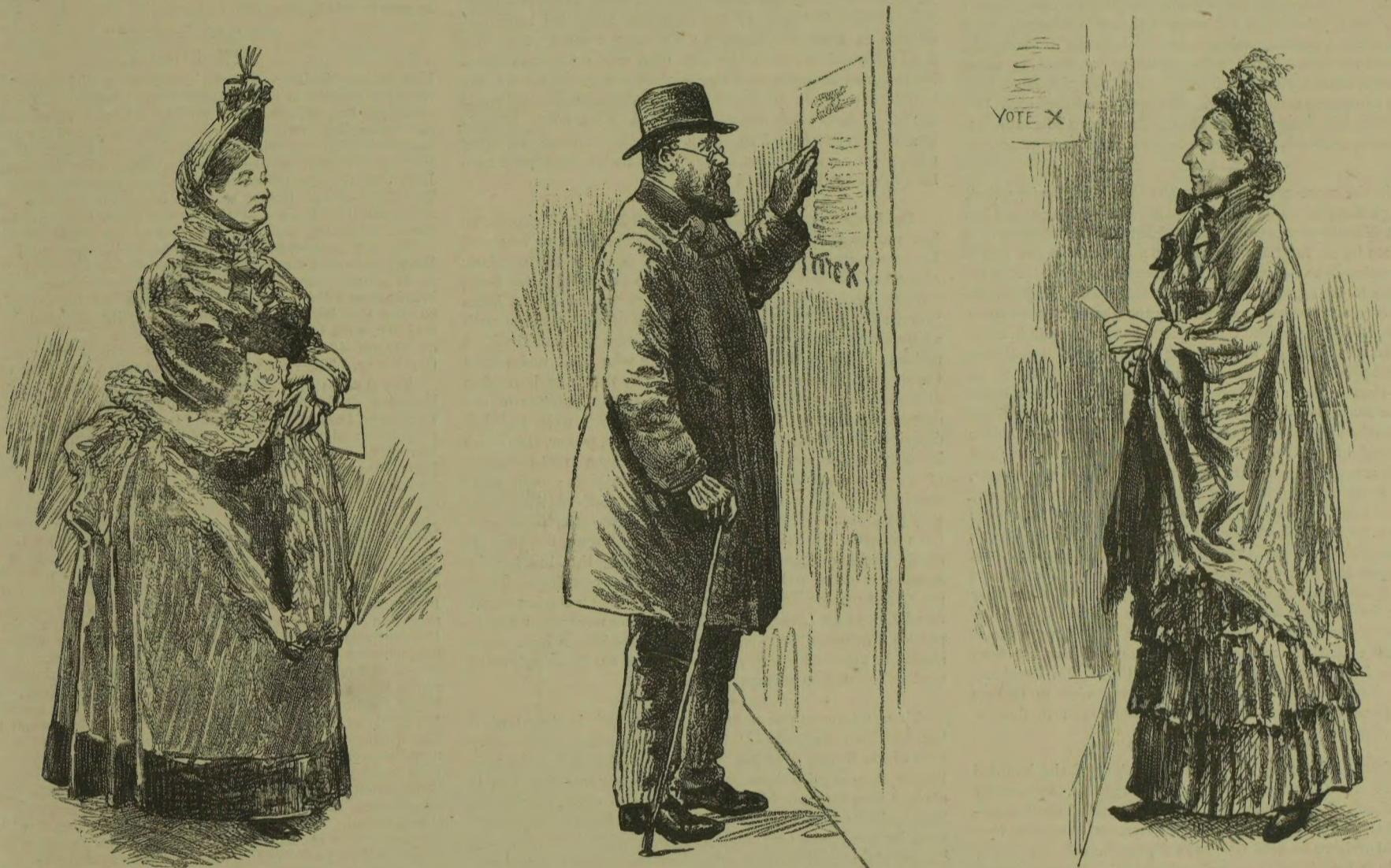
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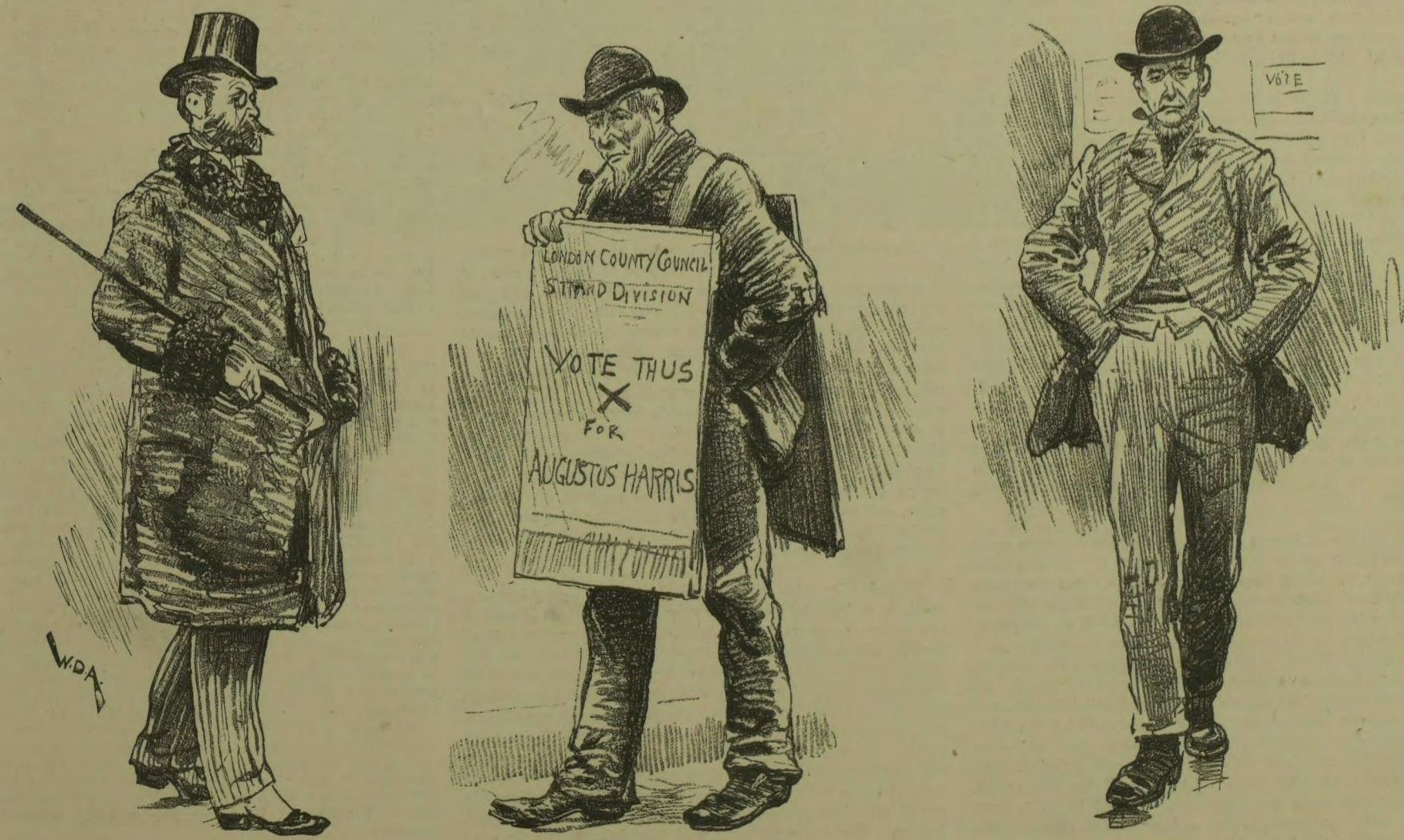
TWO WHOLE SHEETS { SIXPENCE.
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } BY POST, 6½D.



A Lady Voter who is satisfied she has voted right.

The careful Voter.

A Lady Voter who is determined not to vote wrong.



One who doesn't believe in it.

Quite indifferent.

A Working-Man Voter.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS FOR LONDON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If the Psychical Society is not exactly a witty one, it has been the cause of wit in other people. When ladies were first admitted into its mysterious precincts, the late Master of Trinity observed that it should henceforth be called the "Cupid and Psychical Society"; but no alteration of the kind has, I believe, been made on its door-plate or its note-paper. This abstinence from humour is a great defect in an institution that concerns itself with spiritual manifestations, for the sense of fun is the best of safeguards in conducting such an inquiry. Charles Dickens, it is well known, though so deadly an enemy of humbugs of all kinds, had a weakness for ghosts, and, so to speak, gave them every chance of "putting in an appearance," if they really had any means of demonstrating that they could revisit the glimpses of the moon. It was his custom when any well-authenticated case of a haunted house was brought to his notice to investigate it in person, in company (as Thackeray was wont to call him) of his "Grand Vizier," who retailed to me some of their adventures. They passed many a night in habitations which no one in the neighbourhood would visit save in the daytime; but nothing came of it, save, indeed, some admirable "copy" for the *Household Words* Christmas numbers. A keen eye twinkling with fun is the very last thing a ghost likes to have upon him, and is a much more successful exorcist than a gallon of holy water.

It is the more meritorious in the Psychical Society that, although it appears to have no humourist among its agents, it has not yet discovered a genuine haunted house. Considering that every county in England has at least a dozen of them, this is very creditable to its prudence and discernment; but it is destruction to the reputation of our haunted houses. Why cannot the society, and someone representing the ghosts, agree upon a test case? Let them take that famous haunted castle in Scotland the very name of which is a mystery—for it is spelt one way and pronounced another—and investigate it down to its boots—that is, from battlement to dungeon. I don't know whether the reputation it enjoys is agreeable to its proprietor or otherwise; some people think that a ghost in their residence is a proof of antiquity, like beeswing in port wine, and value it accordingly; others, in less prosperous circumstances, object to it because it interferes with the letting of their ancestral mansion. Let the noble owner in the case suggested make up his mind beforehand how he regards this question; and, according to the result of the investigation, let him recompense the society, or the society recompense him. Here is really an opportunity for establishing a most interesting fact, or for shooting a cartload of rubbish into the dustbin of incredulity for ever. I should be sorry to believe what is whispered: that the reason why this problem has not been solved is because the committee of the Cupid and Psychical Society has declined to pay a domiciliary visit to Glamis Castle because they are afraid to sleep there, even in double-bedded rooms.

In *Cassell's Saturday Journal* the mystery of the haunted house in Berkeley-square has been exploded, apparently "by authority." A certain Mr. Myers bequeathed the house—or, rather, the lease of it—to his sister, on condition that it should neither be sold nor let, and, as she did not choose to live in it herself, it remained untenanted. Though swept, if not garnished, within, it soon assumed the external appearance of all houses (save one) in London which are not inhabited in the usual way (for No. 50 had caretakers though no tenants), and in due time became "haunted." It had coiners in it (one almost wonders it had no smugglers), and all sorts of people that ought not to be living in Berkeley-square; but what recommended it most to the public mind was its "ghost and the Guardsman." The house has not fallen in, as it should by rights have done, but the lease has, and now it has become a fashionable residence. Thus perishes one of our few metropolitan illusions. It is only too much the practice with us when we are shown a haunted house in London, dark, discoloured, with its cobwebbed windows broken, to reply, "Pooh! rubbish; that's in Chancery!" which explains any amount of neglect and wretchedness. For many years (for aught I know it is there to-day, but I have not been that way lately) there was a large house in the middle of a terrace on the Bayswater-road, as spick and span as paint and care could make it—but unfurnished. Upon its roof was some erection in glass, looking like a gigantic coffin. The passer-by was always told by his cabman that the gent as died there had left in his will that he should be buried atop of his own house, and that nobody should live beneath him. Not such a very unlikely story to those who know what dog-in-the-manger tricks men are capable of playing upon their fellow-creatures; but probably not the true story. The peculiarity of the case lies, or lay, in the house in question not having the reputation of being haunted.

The problem of how to prevent sea-sickness has once again been tackled by an inventor. His remedy is "an adjustable ship's berth," in which direction, at all events, the true solution probably lies. When George IV. went over to Ireland he was provided with an accommodation of this kind, and a young physician early in the present century owed his fortune to a similar cause. His story is an interesting one. He had gone to India in hopes to establish a practice there and failed. On his return home in the same ship with an English Nabob, who had shaken the pagoda tree to good purpose, the latter gentleman suffered so frightfully from sea-sickness that he had to disembark at the Cape, with severe internal injuries. The young doctor, who had done what he could for him so far, was persuaded to be his companion. He got better, but not much; and it was evident that a repetition of the same disorder would be the death of him. It seemed that with all his money he was doomed to be an exile from home for life. At last the young doctor, who was of a scientific turn, invented

an apparatus by means of which a ship's berth could be maintained on a level, whatever ups and downs the vessel met with; hereby the patient was brought alive to England, when he very handsomely rewarded his benefactor. It is certain, however, that the invention was far from perfect, since it was never patented.

It is a common error to suppose that sea-sickness is, at worst, only a miserable inconvenience, and another to imagine that all the money in the world cannot save a man's life. I know an instance in which both these creeds were found fallacious in the same person. An acquaintance of mine—still alive, though an old man—was once crossing to Ireland in the sailing packet; the passage was very rough, and long before it was half over he was attacked so violently by sea-sickness that he broke a blood-vessel. There was a surgeon on board, who pronounced that unless the vessel put back his patient must die. The captain was summoned, and after an interview with the invalid (which, we may conclude, was of a very promising nature), addressed his other passengers. He told them the state of the case, and entreated their permission to steer for England; whatever compensation they might demand in reason the sick man was willing to make. Each named his price, and the total was agreed to. I think that last little trip to sea (for he never made another) cost my friend somewhere about £4000; but he thought himself fortunate in getting off so cheap. Sea-sickness was certainly not to him a mere ailment, and if he had been a poor man he would have been a dead man.

Dr. Parker is the first, I believe, of English divines who has proposed to extend his ministerial services to smokers. In some parts, at least, of Sweden and Norway the comforts of tobacco are not denied to churchgoers, and Walter Scott tells us that, in halcyon days, it was permitted in the kirks "abuse the pass." There will be plenty of objections to such an innovation here, no doubt; but I venture to think the most serious of them will be made by those who least understand the subject. Tobacco is thought by many people to be a sign of dissipation and frivolity, whereas it is the begetter of our deepest reflections. Kingsley understood this well, and has described (in "Yeast") his hero saying (or, rather, thinking) his prayers as he smokes his cigar. It is also a great composer of thought, and attunes it to serious subjects; and, what should not be left out in this connection, it renders its disciples very patient under the infliction of uninteresting discourses from others. Dr. Parker may be right or wrong, but there is surely nothing blameworthy in his making this bid for the attendance of a male audience on certain occasions. There are a good many places of edification to which a smoker would be willing to go, if only at the threshold he were not made to put his pipe out. It is curious, too, that the idea of irreverence should be attached to smoking and not to snuff-taking, which used to be common enough in church.

Though tobacco was never so popular as it is at present, it has had its vicissitudes. "I marvel," says Cobb, in "Every Man in his Humour," "what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man and fill him with smoke and embers." Yet in Stow's time, as he tells us in his Annals, it was "commonly used by most men, and many women"; while Lily tells us of "a Buckinghamshire person [parson?] who was so given over to tobacco that when he had none he would cut the bellropes and smoke them." The reaction in its favour among serious people seems to have been caused by its effects upon the Spaniards, "among whom it is a rare sight to see a man intoxicated, so completely has tobacco superseded the use of the grape." To judge by a song of 1654 it was also supposed to be a remedy for gluttony (and, indeed, it was found in the Franco-German War to serve both for meat and drink)—

Much meat doth gluttony procure
To feed men fat as swine;
But he's a frugal man indeed,
That with a leaf can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands,
His finger-ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast meat in a pipe.

An author has had a guinea awarded him for a MS. sent to a newspaper and placed in its wastepaper basket instead of being returned to him. The incident seems strange, and may well cause consternation in the editorial mind; but the most curious thing about it is that the author himself only valued his contribution at five guineas. All author's MSS. are estimated by their (original) owners at a high figure; but when they are lost it is my experience that they become absolutely priceless. When an article is printed a pound may possibly be accepted for it; but if mislaid, the numeral one, with almost any amount of ciphers, can hardly represent its value. In addition to his five guineas this author should have had a crown (of laurel) for his unparalleled modesty and moderation, and yet, to judge by the law report, even his guinea was grudged him—such different views do editor and contributor entertain of the same transaction!

To judge by some recent revelations of it, legacy-hunting must be a dreadful sport, and very precarious. It is not, of course, so dangerous as tiger-hunting; but when that animal is slain his skin is ours, and the possession of it is not disputed by the surviving members of his family; whereas, when the human object of pursuit has become quarry our troubles do but begin. Even those who have seemed hitherto our allies—our very trackers and beaters—will then sometimes turn against us, and deny our right to the spoils. If testators could be induced to make some arrangement in their lifetime with those in whom they have encouraged expectations, it would be an immense convenience, and save a great deal of bad feeling. They know perfectly well what is actuating the poor legacy-hunter, just as the railway passenger knows what the guard is seeking who gets them their foot-warmers and secures the compartment to themselves; yet it never

strikes them to give the kindly fellow something "on account"; they would not think of rewarding the guard's attentions by merely hinting that at the end of a journey that may be long, and in which there are often a good many changes and breaks of gauge, they will "remember" him. They give him something in hand at once, lest they should forget it; whereas the other, who hopes to make himself useful to them for the journey of life, does not get a penny, nor even (in writing) a promise. Moreover, if the best comes to the worst, and proper mention of him is made in a codicil, it is ten to one but persons who have done nothing to deserve it, but have contented themselves, for example, with being the testator's wife and children, will prevent his receiving his long-looked-for reward upon the ground of "undue influence." The poor fellow's case is a very sad one, and the more so because nobody pities him; nay, everyone throws dirt at him as if he were in the pillory, while the testator, whose selfishness and love of flattery have been the cause of it all, is almost as much extolled by those who have come into his property as he was in life by him who has not.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty is in good health, and takes drives and walks nearly every day in the neighbourhood of Osborne. On Sunday morning, Jan. 20, the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended Divine service at Whippingham Church. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, the Rev. Canon Prothero, and the Rev. Orton Jones officiated; the Dean preached the sermon. The Countess of Lytton was received by the Queen. In the afternoon the Dean and Canon and Mrs. Prothero had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family.

We are authorised to state that her Majesty will hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, Feb. 26.

It is understood that the Court will move from Osborne to Windsor on Feb. 15. The arrangements for the Queen's visit to the Continent have been practically concluded. Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and suite, will leave Windsor on March 4 for Biarritz, travelling via Portsmouth and Cherbourg. The visit will not extend much over four weeks.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Empress Frederick, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and the guests at Sandringham, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park, on Sunday morning, Jan. 20. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, officiated. Archdeacon Farrar assisted and preached the sermon. The Prince and Princess, attended by Lady Suffield, Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, and Sir F. Knollys, arrived at Marlborough House on the 21st from Sandringham; and on the same day the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Sir Arthur Sullivan, the Venerable Archdeacon Farrar, and the rest of the guests of the Prince and Princess of Wales, left Sandringham on the termination of their visit. In the evening the Prince and Princess and suite visited the Lyceum Theatre to witness the performance of "Macbeth." Prince Albert Victor of Wales left Sandringham on the 21st, and proceeded to the North to rejoin his regiment (the 10th Royal Hussars) at York. Their Royal Highnesses left Marlborough House on the morning of the 22nd for Richmond, Yorkshire, travelling by special train. The Prince and Princess and their daughters arrived at Richmond station, Yorkshire, in the evening, and were met by the Earl and Countess of Zetland. The streets of the town were illuminated by Chinese lamps and torches, and the Corporation schoolboys, bearing torches, extended the length of the Queen's road. The thoroughfares were thronged with inhabitants, who cheered heartily as the Royal carriages passed. The Royal party arrived at half-past four at Aske Hall, where the Prince and Princess remain the guests of the Earl and Countess of Zetland, and opening some public buildings at Middlesbrough during their stay.

The Empress Frederick, accompanied by the Rev. F. A. W. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, visited King's Lynn on Jan. 18. After inspecting the churches of St. Margaret and St. Nicholas, her Majesty called upon the Mayor (Mr. George Sadler) for the purpose of viewing the celebrated King John's Cup. The Empress came to London on the 21st, and paid a visit to the German Hospital at Dalston. Her Majesty afterwards drove to Buckingham Palace, and on the 23rd joined the Queen at Osborne.

Princess Christian gave a free dinner to 260 poor children at the Albert Institute, Windsor, on Jan. 18, the repast consisting of meat pies and potatoes.—On Monday, Jan. 21, the Princess, accompanied by Dr. Cohn, of Wiesbaden, and attended by Mrs. Jeune, honoured the Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, Marylebone-road, with an unexpected visit. Her Royal Highness visited a number of the wards, and also inspected the kitchen arrangements, and the nurses' and servants' halls, and expressed her satisfaction with everything she had seen.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Lord Edgar Algernon Robert Cecil, third son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, with Lady Eleanor Lambton, third daughter of the late Earl of Durham and sister of the present Peer, was celebrated in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on Jan. 22. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Lord Edward Cecil, as best man. There were seven bridesmaids—namely, Lady Anne Lambton, sister of the bride; Lady Gwendolen Cecil, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Beatrix Herbert, Miss Muriel Herbert, Lady Gwendolen Osborne, and Miss Violet Lambton, nieces of the bride; and the Hon. Mabel Palmer, niece of the bridegroom. They were dressed in white Irish poplin, the elder ladies having vests, collars, and cuffs of red velvet, with full under-vests of mouseline-de-soie; and the children, broad red sashes, red stockings, and shoes with gold buckles. The elder bridesmaids wore toques of white poplin, bordered with beaver and trimmed with white feathers, and the young ones had poplin "Tam o' Shanters." At half-past two o'clock the bride entered the church, leaning on the arm of her brother, the Earl of Durham, who led her to the altar and afterwards gave her away. The bride's dress was of rich white satin made with a long train, the tablier being embroidered in silver; she wore a fichu and sash of mouseline-de-soie, and the bodice was tastefully trimmed with orange-blossoms. A spray or two of the same flowers in her hair were covered by a tulle veil fastened with diamond stars, the gift of the Earl of Durham. The wedding presents were numerous.

Dr. Warre, Head-Master of Eton College, has been elected president of the Albert Institute, Windsor, in the room of the Dean of Windsor, who retires.

THE COUNTY COUNCILS.
THE LONDON COUNCIL.

The London County Councillors, 118 in number, were elected on Thursday, Jan. 17. They consist of two Peers, the Earl of Rosebery and Lord Monkswell; and one Peer's widow, the Dowager Lady Sandhurst; one eldest son of a Peer, Earl Compton; five members of the House of Commons, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, Colonel Hughes, Mr. J. F. B. Firth, and Colonel Howard Vincent; one clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. H. B. Chapman; in addition to Sir John Lubbock, four other bankers, Mr. Benjamin Cohen, Mr. Alfred Hoare, Mr. Herries Farquhar, and Mr. Robert Antrobus; many barristers, including Mr. J. S. Fletcher, J.P., Mr. John Lloyd, J.P., Mr. Philip M. Martineau, J.P., Mr. G. F. Torr, Mr. Robert A. Germaine, Mr. James A. Rentoul, Mr. W. H. Dickinson, Dr. W. E. Grigsby, Mr. T. G. Fardell, Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, Mr. W. G. Lemon, Mr. A. Bassett Hopkins, and Mr. H. H. Raphael; in addition to Colonel Hughes, three other solicitors, Mr. Charles Harrison, Mr. R. M. Beachcroft, and Mr. R. S. Jackson; five medical men, Mr. Bradenell Carter, F.R.C.S., Dr. G. B. Longstaff, Mr. W. Gibson Bott, Mr. G. J. Cooper, and Mr. Parker Young; six representatives of the services, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Rotton, R.A., Captain John Sinclair, late 5th Lancers, Captain W. H. James, Captain E. H. Verney, R.N., Captain Clifford Probyn, and Captain Spencer Beaumont; ex-Lord Mayor Sir Reginald Hanson; a brewer, Mr. Vernon Watney; a retired Colonial Administrator, Sir George Harris; two civil engineers, Mr. Charles Horsley, J.P., and Mr. Walter Hunter, J.P.; two architects, Colonel Edis and Mr. F. S. Brereton; a theatrical manager, Mr. Augustus Harris; a newspaper editor, Mr. H. S. Marks; a private tutor, Mr. Walter Wren; other Justices of the Peace, besides those already mentioned, Mr. Richard Strong (ex-M.P.), Mr. John Jones, Mr. Edmund Boulnois, and Mr. C. H. Campbell; and several independent gentlemen, including Sir Walter De Souza, Mr. Acworth (member of the Metropolitan Asylums Board), Mr. W. Saunders (ex-M.P.), Mr. T. L. Corbett, Mr. F. A. Ford, Mr. F. N. Charrington, Mr. Henry Harben, Mr. Cramp, Mr. H. S. Foster (member of the London School Board), Mr. F. C. Carr-Gomm, Mr. C. E. Lewes, Mr. N. Robinson, Mr. John Hutton, Mr. James Tims, and Mr. Stewart M. Samuel. There are a very large number of members directly connected with or engaged in trade and manufacture: Mr. Henry Clarke, Mr. D. H. Macfarlane (ex M.P.), Mr. Ernest Collard, Mr. W. B. Doubleday, and Mr. J. G. Rhodes are described as merchants; there is a shipowner, Mr. George Liddett; a glass manufacturer, Mr. H. J. Powell; a stock and share dealer, Mr. Arthur Leon; a saw-mill proprietor, Mr. A. H. Haggis; an Italian warehouseman, Mr. F. C. Frye; a timber merchant, Mr. A. Arter; a boot and shoe manufacturer, Mr. J. Branch; a marine salvage surveyor and broker, Mr. Robert Lyon; a paper-hanging manufacturer, Mr. G. W. Osborn; a mechanical engineer, Mr. Aeneas Smith; a coal factor, Mr. W. H. Phillips; a wholesale tea-dealer, Mr. John Lowles; a gas engineer, Mr. W. C. Parkinson; a muslin manufacturer, Mr. A. M. Torrance; a refreshment contractor, Mr. G. S. Elliott; an ironfounder, Mr. Horatio Myer; a varnish manufacturer, Mr. J. R. Hoare; an indiarubber manufacturer, Mr. Henry Bell; a coal merchant, Mr. Hubbard; a cabinet manufacturer, Mr. Nathan Moss; a wholesale clothier, Mr. C. Tarling; a tent and flag maker, Mr. R. S. Sly; a brush manufacturer, Mr. Joseph Thornton; a provision merchant, Mr. James Ambrose; a clothing manufacturer, Mr. Hollington; a wire-rope manufacturer, Mr. Bullivant; a retired chemical manufacturer, Mr. Macdougall; Mr. Maule and Mr. Edward Austin are also manufacturers; there are two auctioneers, Mr. Westcott and Mr. William Johnson; four builders, Mr. R. Roberts, Mr. John Marsland, Mr. Lawrence Stevens, and Mr. G. B. Holmes (retired); a vestryman, Mr. T. H. Williams; a journalist, Mr. J. W. Benn; an optician, Mr. Joseph Beck; a draper, Mr. Edward Jones; a working engineer, the Socialist Mr. John Burns; an underwriter, Mr. Alfred Davies; a law agent, Mr. James Beal; and Miss Jane Cobden.

The Portraits of some of the newly-elected London County Councillors appear in this Number of our Journal, and will be followed by others. The elections did not cause any remarkable degree of popular excitement, only a small proportion of the ratepayers attending to give their votes at the polling-places, compared with those who vote at the Parliamentary elections; indeed, there is usually more voting at the London School Board election, or at those of the parish vestries, than there was on this occasion. In the City, which returns four members, 10,518 persons voted out of a register of 22,351, at nineteen polling-stations; Sir John Lubbock got 8976 votes, and Lord Rosebery got 8032; but in very few of the other districts were as many as 3000 polled by the most successful candidate, and the ordinary head poll was from 1500 to 2000. The agents and partisans of the candidates worked hard enough; there was a plentiful display of placards, meetings had been held for weeks previous, and the canvassing was active; many carriages were employed on the polling-day to bring the voters up, but the majority of registered ratepayers were content to stay at home. The method of voting by ballot was similar to that used in other elections; the voter had merely to enter a room, go to the table, give his name and his number on the register, and receive a stamped paper on which the names of the candidates were printed, then, stepping aside to a desk, take a pencil and mark a cross opposite the name of the candidate, or the names of two candidates, whom he wished to elect—each parish or district returning two members of the London County Council—and, having folded up the paper, show its outside to a clerk at the table, and finally drop it through a slit in the lid of a box. Many lady householders quietly and easily performed these simple operations, while the police did not allow any crowding at the doors, or any unnecessary talking in the room where the ballot was held. Our sketches of some of the voters are characteristic of the various sentiments and attitudes of mind likely to be exhibited during the transaction of such an act of public business, which has scarcely yet become a familiar experience to a good many of the voters.

A complimentary dinner was given on Jan. 21 at the National Liberal Club to Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. The Marquis of Ripon presided, and in proposing "The health of the Guest," bore testimony to his high character and to the services he had rendered both to India and to England.

TOWNHALL AND MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS,
MIDDLESBROUGH.

In 1882, the Corporation of Middlesbrough-on-Tees offered three premiums for competition, and appointed as their assessor Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., who spent several days inspecting the large number of designs sent in. That which he selected for the first award, obtaining the £200 prize, was considered very much superior to anything else; it was the production of Mr. George Gordon Hoskins, F.R.I.B.A., of Darlington. The second and third prizes were taken by London architects. Mr. Hoskins was chosen as architect of the proposed buildings. Early in the summer of 1883, preliminary operations were commenced, and on Oct. 24 the foundation-stone was laid by the Mayor, Alderman Isaac Fidler.

Our illustration presents an extensive and imposing block of buildings. The site is probably the most eligible that could have been found. The town is now extending southwards, iron and other works having taken possession of the ground on the east and the west, and should its growth continue, as there is very little doubt it will do, the new Townhall and Municipal Buildings will in a few years be in a central position. The site is bounded on the north by Corporation-road, on the east by Dunning-street, on the west by Albert-road, and on the south by Russell-street; and is nearly two acres in extent.

The architect has aimed at raising a structure externally expressive of the purposes for which it is intended. His treatment is dignified and effective. He would probably describe the style as thirteenth-century Gothic, imbued with the feeling and spirit of the present time. The design has other commendable features. There is in it what seems an



NEW TOWNSHALL AND MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, MIDDLESBROUGH.

admirable classification and concentration of the various departments. The Townhall occupies the north portion of the ground, and the Municipal Offices the south portion; they appear, however, to be one block of building. A covered carriage-way, 20 ft. wide, divides them; but this is masked, at the east and west ends, by handsomely-moulded archways and gables. The buildings are entirely of stone (rubbed ashlar) from the Dunhouse Quarries, except the walls of the quadrangle, which are of Bradford stone. The roofs are covered with light green Westmorland slates.

The most striking external feature is the magnificent clock-tower, which is carried to a height of 170 ft. Beneath the tower in Albert-road is the principal entrance to the large hall. This doorway has a richly-moulded pointed arch; and surmounting it, under a canopy, is a full-sized figure of "St. George slaying the Dragon." On the north side, parallel with Corporation-road, is the principal façade, of which the most noticeable features are eight two-light tracery-headed windows, with full-length sculptured figures under canopies dividing the windows, personifications of "Music," "Literature," "Painting," and "Commerce."

In the interior, the great hall is 118 ft. long by 60 ft. broad. At the west end is a dress balcony, handsomely fitted, and over it a gallery; at the east end is the platform, and the organ-chamber is behind. The floor rests upon a fireproof construction on Dennett and Ingle's principle. Never before, we believe, have iron arched ribs of so extensive a span been used in fireproof construction as are here employed. The semi-basement underneath is to be used for the drilling of the police in wet weather, also for overflow and other meetings, and the absence of iron columns is a great advantage. By similar means, the balcony and gallery in the hall are supported, and here also no pillars are required. The roof of the spacious room is handsome; being open-timbered, with hammer-beam principals, and the spaces between the principals filled in with richly-moulded panelling. The hammer-beams terminate with carved grotesque figures bearing shields.

The organ-chamber is formed by a handsome arch, richly moulded and supported on coupled columns, 20 ft. in height, with moulded caps. On each side is a tracery-headed doorway, leading to ladies' and gentlemen's retiring-rooms, property-rooms, and committee-rooms. The windows of the hall are of the new muffed glass, richly painted from designs by the architect.

The Municipal Buildings occupy the south portion of the site, ranged along the sides of a spacious quadrangle. On the ground floor are the main entrances to the Police-Court and to the police offices. Over the former is a full-sized sculptured figure representing Justice. The Police-Court, 55 ft. by 40 ft., is the finest court of its class in the country, providing sufficient accommodation should the Court of Quarter Sessions be removed from Northallerton to Middlesbrough. At the west end of the court is a spacious gallery. The Council Chamber, situated in the centre of the Russell-street façade, is of fine proportions, with ornamental woodwork and dado of richly-toned oak; and at the east and west ends of the room are very handsome baronial chimneypieces, of polished Carlisle marble. The School Board offices are on the ground floor, facing Russell-street, with a large board-room. At the south-west angle of the site are the Free Library and the Reading-Room, with an office for the librarian; on the first floor are lending and reference libraries. On the western side are the offices of the Poor-Law Guardians, the Rural Sanitary Surveyor's office, and the Registrar's office. The last group of offices is devoted to the use of the Water Board.

The greater part of the work has been executed under the direction of Mr. John Hindmarsh, and finished under the supervision of Mr. W. H. Hoskins. The contractor for the building was Mr. E. Atkinson, of Bradford; the sculpture and carving were done by Mr. H. T. Margetson, of London; the marble and mosaic pavements were supplied by Mr. James Nelson, of Carlisle; and the painted glass by Mr. W. H. Atkinson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; but most of the other work by Middlesbrough firms. All the fittings and furniture were specially designed by the architect, Mr. G. G. Hoskins, of Darlington.

The opening of this grand municipal edifice, by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, on Wednesday, Jan. 23, will be described and illustrated in our next publication.

The Mayor of Middlesbrough, Major Rayton Dixon, with the other members of the Corporation, had prepared a suitable reception for the Royal visitors, and had made excellent arrangements for the performance of the ceremony. The occasion brought together a large assembly of the nobility and gentry of the counties of Yorkshire and Durham, with the Mayors of neighbouring towns; this event being regarded as one of some importance to the whole of the North of England.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Baron De Mackau has been re-elected President of the great Conservative group of the French Chamber known as the Union des Droites. The Paris Exhibition will be opened on May 5. The English galleries occupy more space than those allotted to other countries, and are in a more advanced state of preparation. One of the features of the Exhibition will be an illuminated fountain. There is to be an Indian pavilion, in which about twenty native Indians will be at work; and a Ceylon tea-house, with Cingalese waiters.—Some serious fighting has taken place in Tonquin. The French, who attacked the pirates at Chomai and took that place, lost one officer and twelve soldiers.

On Jan. 18, which is at once the birthday of the Prussian Monarch and of the German Empire, the Emperor held a ceremonial Chapter of the Black Eagle, which was attended by all the members of his family and his high officers of State. The Chapter was preceded by a solemn investiture of those new Knights who have been honoured with the order since the Emperor William held the last, two years ago, and these included Herr von Puttkamer, President von Simson, and Dr. von Friedberg, late Minister of Justice.—At the Royal Castle on the 20th the grand annual "function," called the "Coronation and Decorations Festival," took place by command of the Kaiser. At the head of the seventeen columns of people of all classes in the Empire who have been singled out for distinction at the hand of their Sovereign for services rendered to the State, stands the name of Vice-Admiral Count von Monts, who was acting as Chief of the Admiralty till the previous day, when he died. On the 22nd the Emperor, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Baden, Princes Henry, Albrecht, and Alexander, and a numerous and brilliant suite, was present at the funeral service of Count Monts, the late Chief of the Admiralty, and laid a splendid laurel wreath on the coffin.—The Budget Committee of the Reichstag have agreed to the various provisions in the naval estimates for the construction of new war-vessels, including an ironclad.

The Empérator Francis Joseph has conferred upon the Bishop of Cracow the rank of Prince, with the title of Prince-Bishop.—A banquet was given by the Crown Prince and Princess at the Hofburg on Jan. 19. The guests included Count Kalnoky, Sir Augustus and Lady Paget, the Ambassadors of France and Spain with their wives, the Russian, Italian, and Turkish Ambassadors, and the Belgian Minister.—A family dinner-party was given by the Emperor Francis Joseph on the 20th in honour of Prince Alexander of Battenberg.

An official bulletin issued on the morning of Jan. 22, states that, after a calm day on the previous day, the King of Holland passed a quiet night, and that his Majesty's condition was satisfactory.

The blessing of the waters of the Neva was celebrated on Jan. 18 with the usual solemnities by the Metropolitan. All the members of the Imperial family attended the ceremony, and the banks of the river were greatly crowded. After the religious rites had been performed, a State lunch was given at the Winter Palace.

Intelligence has been received from the mouth of the Congo, confirming the safety of Mr. Stanley, and his arrival at Bonalya, after meeting with Emin Pasha. A letter of the explorer, dated Aug. 17, and containing particulars of his journey from the West, has been received in Brussels.

The Grand Opera House at St. Paul, Minnesota, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at 200,000 dols. Fortunately the theatre was empty at the time, and the fire was attended by no loss of life.



SIR REGINALD HANSON,
West Marylebone.



SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P.,
City.



COLONEL HOWARD VINCENT, C.B., M.P.,
St. George's, Hanover-square.



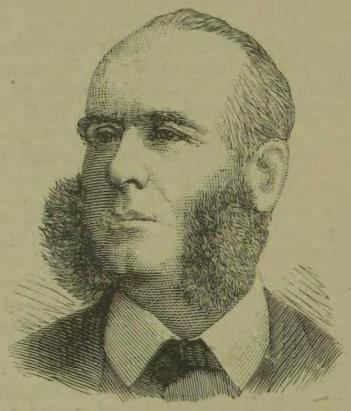
COLONEL HUGHES, M.P.,
Woolwich.



EARL OF ROSEBERY,
City.



MR. H. L. W. LAWSON, M.P.,
West St. Pancras.



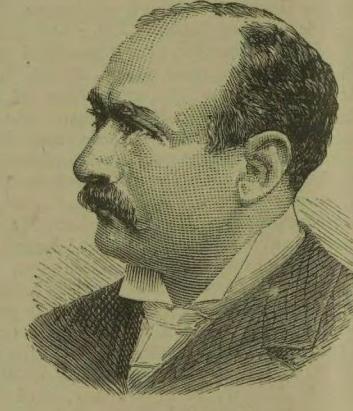
CAPTAIN E. H. VERNEY R.N.,
Brixton.



MR. C. E. LEWES,
North St. Pancras.



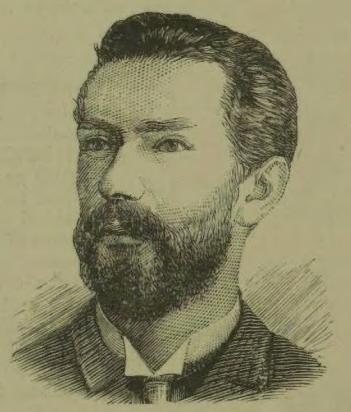
MR. J. F. B. FIRTH, M.P.,
Haggerston.



MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS,
Strand.



MR. JOHN JONES,
South Hackney.



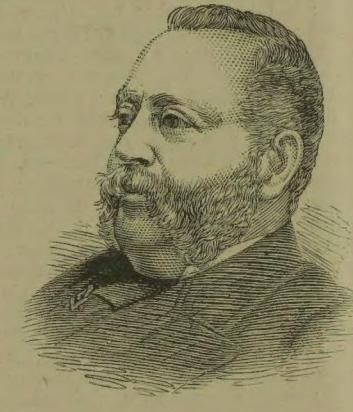
MR. B. F. C. COSTELOE,
Stepney.



LADY SANDHURST,
Brixton.



MR. LAWRENCE STEVENS,
Rotherhithe.



MR. N. ROBINSON,
East St. Pancras.



MR. J. F. TORR,
North-East Bethnal-green.



MR. F. C. CARR-GOMM,
Rotherhithe.



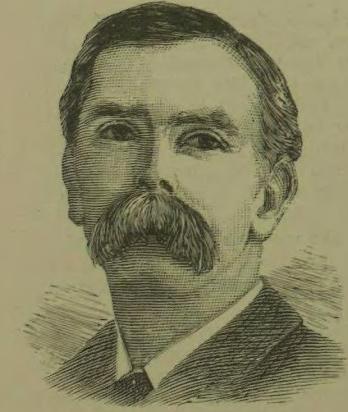
MR. G. S. ELLIOTT,
South Islington.



MR. JOSEPH THORNTON,
Bermondsey.



REV. H. B. CHAPMAN,
North Camberwell.



MR. R. M. BEACHCROFT,
North Paddington.



MR. F. C. FRYE,
North Kensington.



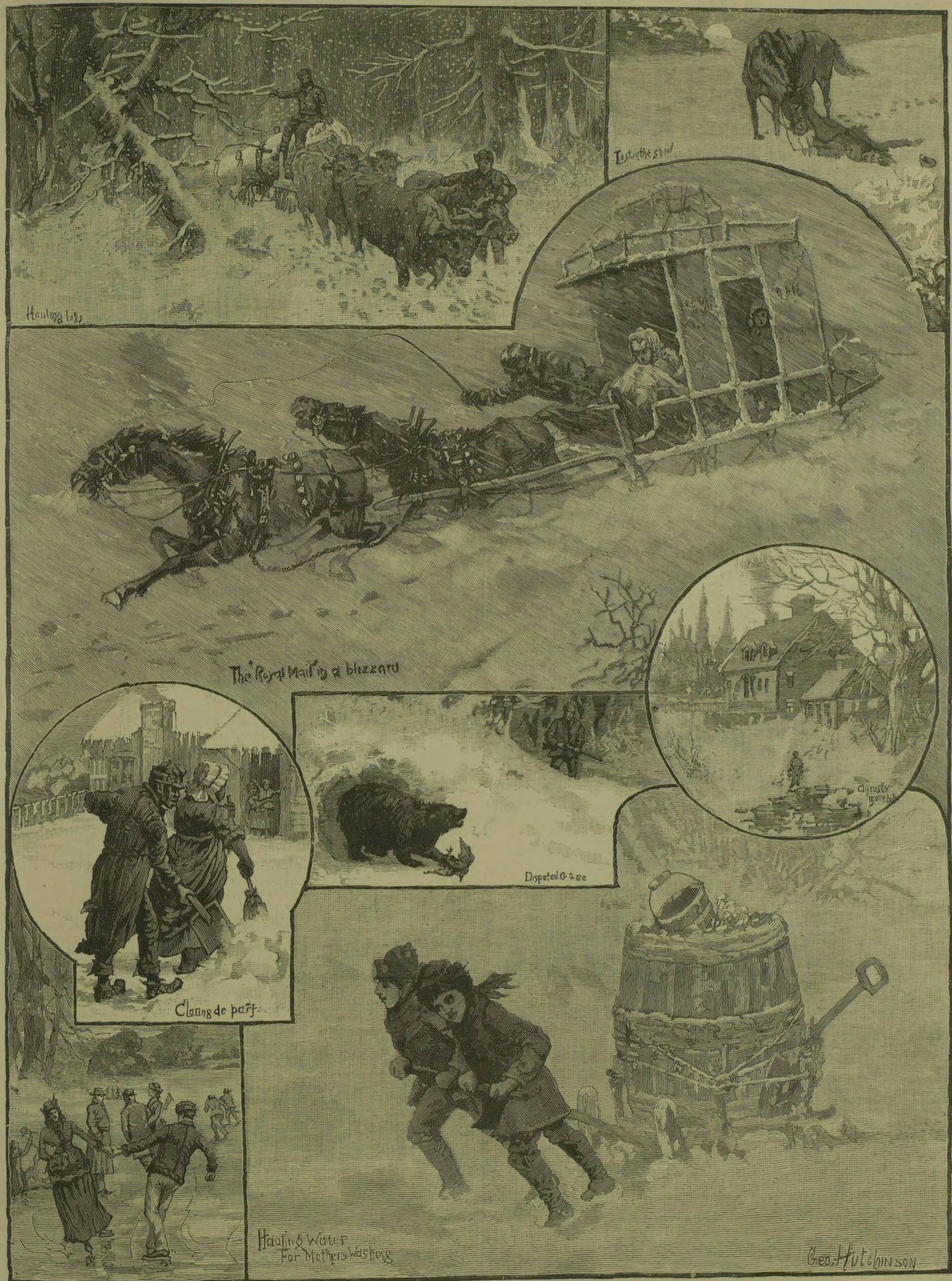
MR. H. H. RAPHAEL,
West St. Pancras.



MR. F. A. FORD,
Central Finsbury.



MR. W. B. DOUBLEDAY,
Norwood.



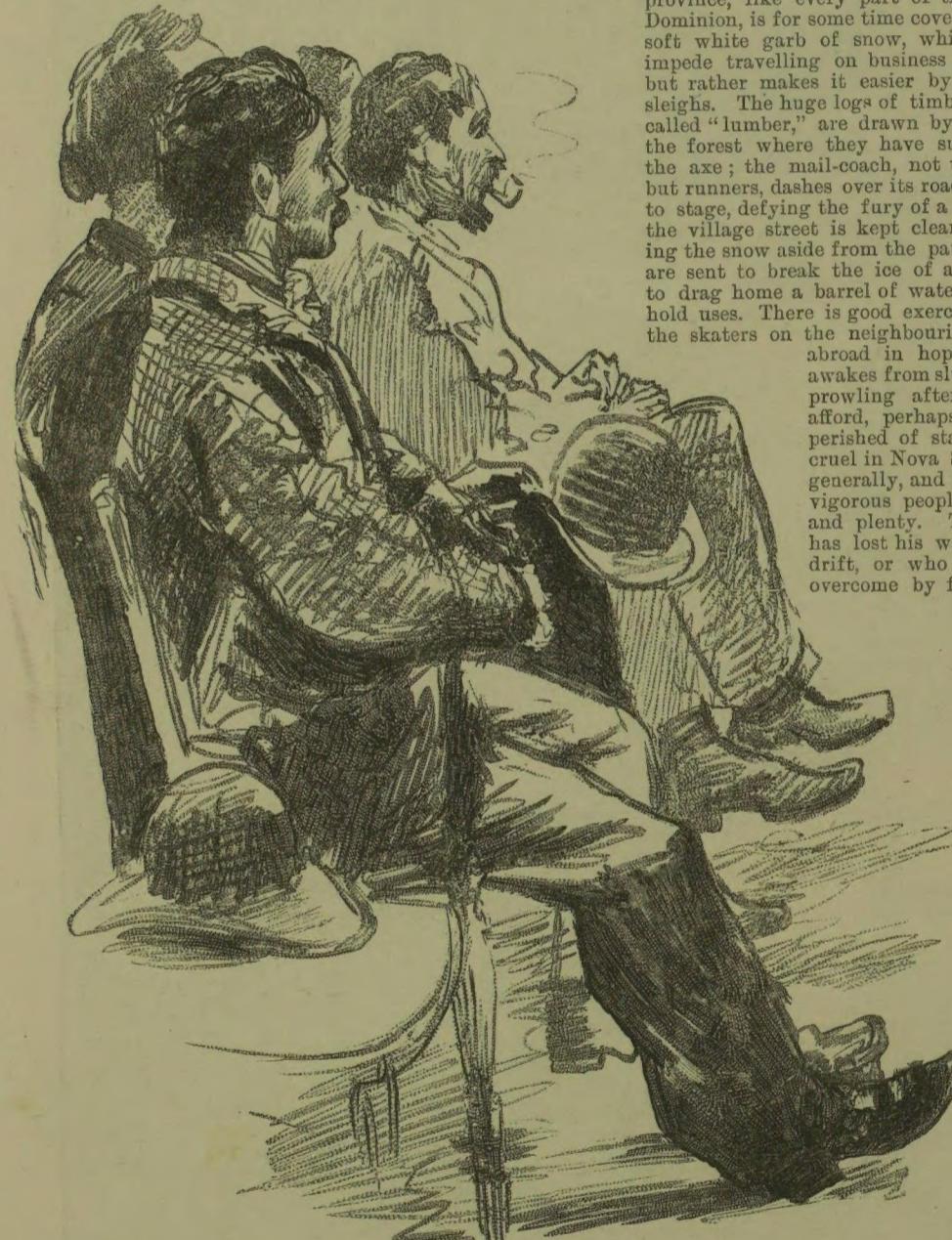
ENTERTAINMENT TO DOCK LABOURERS.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 16, the firm of Messrs. G. and R. Wills and Co., Australian merchants and shippers, Chapel-street, Whitecross-street, and their clerks and buyers, gave a free supper to dock labourers at Medland Hall, Medland-street, Ratcliff, under the presidency of one of the members of the firm. This has been done in three preceding winters by this firm and their clerks; but they want the co-operation of other City firms, who with their employés would assist in providing a hearty meal for the hard-working men to whom we owe so much for their labours at the Docks. A substantial repast of beef-steak, puddings and vegetables, with tea or coffee, was supplied to over a hundred very poor men, whose honesty could be vouched for, the principal qualification for obtaining a ticket being that the man was a dock labourer, and was poor and hungry. A pleasing selection of songs, solos, and other music was given afterwards by several ladies and gentlemen, and the chairman addressed a few suitable observations to his guests. We present a few Sketches illustrative of this kindly entertainment at the East-End.

*Waiting.*

A Beauty Show on a magnificent scale is to be held in London during the forthcoming season, under the auspices of Messrs. Pears, which will be sufficient guarantee for its decorous character. Important money prizes will be offered for competition, which will be open to all comers.

Colonel Lord Hay, of Kinfauns, presided over a meeting, on Jan. 21, in support of the Lady Guide Association, the object

*Entertainment to Dock Labourers: Some of the Audience at the Concert.*

of which is to establish a staff of educated ladies to act as guides through the metropolis to such visitors as may require their services. Miss Edith Davis, the projector of the scheme, submitted a written address explaining its details.

"Cassell's National Library," edited by Professor Henry Morley, continues its successful course, providing dainty food for various palates. The first four volumes of the fourth year's issue are:—"Othello," "Memorable Thoughts of Socrates," Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," and Dickens's "Battle of Life."

Lord Derby, in the course of an address at the annual meeting of the Liverpool Self-help Emigration Society on Jan. 21, referred to the constant growth of the population of this country, and advocated unambitious schemes of emigration, to be prudently directed so as not to irritate the Colonial authorities or peoples. By such means, he thought, a partial remedy would be found for the difficulties which faced them.

An annual "mothers'" dinner was held at Dorking on Jan. 21, when Mrs. Cubitt, wife of Mr. Cubitt, M.P., presented to Minnie Matilda Murrell, aged fifteen, an illuminated address and £5, awarded to her by the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire. She was a servant at the house of Mr. Inglis, in High-street, which a short time ago was burnt out. There were three children in a bed-room on the first floor. She rescued one, and then, rushing up again, took the others down through the blinding smoke and heat. On her way she dropped one on the stairs, but afterwards groped back and recovered it. Finally, she handed out the two children from the front window to the people in the street. The heroic girl had an enthusiastic reception.

WINTER SKETCHES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

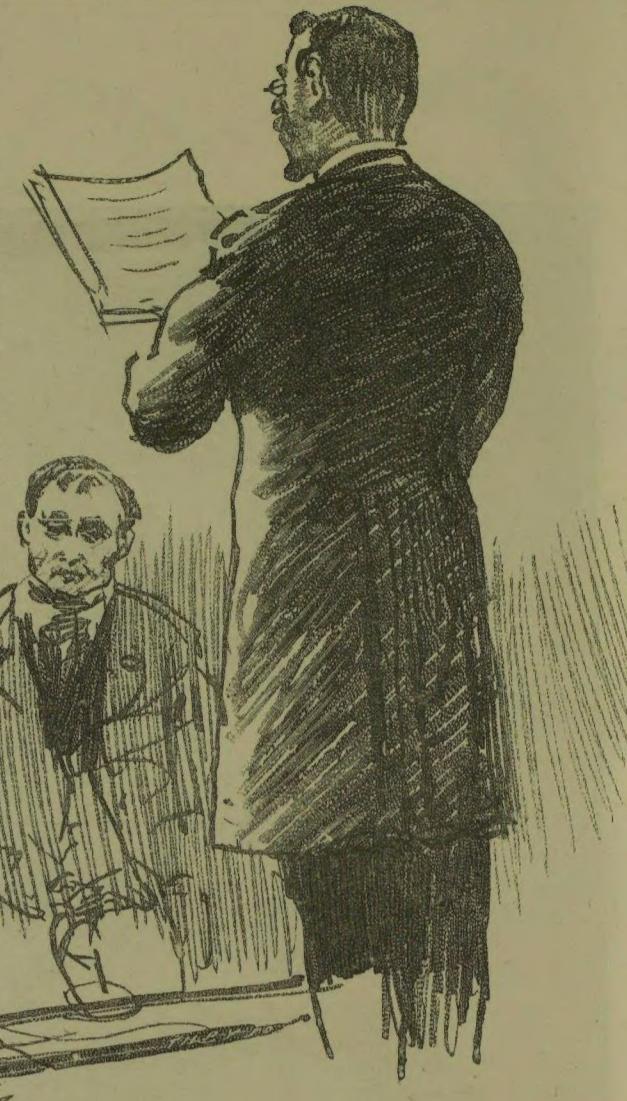
Whether the Yankees proper of Massachusetts and Connecticut, in the days of Sam Slick, about fifty years ago, fixed the nickname of "Blue-noses" on the colonists of Nova Scotia with reference to any supposed effect of extreme cold on the prominent feature of the human visage, let some learned American historian determine. We should doubt it, from the well-known fact that the winter climate of this peninsula is considerably milder than any inland part of the continent on the eastern side, being moderated by the surrounding sea, with the Gulf Stream washing the southern shore, and being also sheltered from the chilling north winds of the St. Lawrence and Quebec by a continuous rampart of high hills or mountains, so that the average temperature of Annapolis county is six degrees above that of Massachusetts. In the central region of Nova Scotia, we are told, the thermometer very rarely falls below zero; but there is, of course, more frost and snow than we are accustomed to see in the countries of Western Europe. Nova Scotia, which is not quite half the size of England, with a population of some 400,000, has about five million acres of land fit for tillage; but its fisheries, its forests, and its mineral wealth, are more important than its agriculture. Many small lakes and rivers, full of trout and salmon, afford good sport to the angler, while the hunter of moose, cariboo, and other deer, or the sportsman who prefers to shoot woodcock, snipe, teal, plover, and other feathered game, finds in this country abundant pastime. There is an agreeable society at Halifax, the capital of the province and the British naval station, but Annapolis, Digby, Windsor, and other towns are pleasant places of residence; much of the country is well cultivated, with large orchards and fruit-gardens, and the inland scenery presents in summer a great variety of beautiful landscapes. In winter, as our Sketches will show, this province, like every part of the Canadian Dominion, is for some time covered with the soft white garb of snow, which does not impede travelling on business or pleasure, but rather makes it easier by the use of sleighs. The huge logs of timber, which is called "lumber," are drawn by oxen from the forest where they have succumbed to the axe; the mail-coach, not upon wheels but runners, dashes over its road from stage to stage, defying the fury of a "blizzard"; the village street is kept clear by shovelling the snow aside from the path, and boys are sent to break the ice of a creek, and to drag home a barrel of water for household uses. There is good exercise and sociable mirth among the skaters on the neighbouring pond. The gunner walks abroad in hope of meeting a bear, which awakes from slumber and comes forth hungry, prowling after such food as chance may afford, perhaps finding a bird which has perished of starvation. Winter is not more cruel in Nova Scotia than in North America generally, and has no terrors for a robust and vigorous people, dwelling in rustic security and plenty. To the lonely wanderer, who has lost his way and has fallen into a snow-drift, or who has dropped from his saddle, overcome by fatigue, death may soon come, indeed, unless he be rescued while yet the heart is beating. Such disasters, however, are not unknown on the moors and hills of Great Britain at this season of the year.

The Clothworkers' Company have granted £50 to the Ragged School Union.

In a football-match between the North and South played at Sunderland, on Jan. 19, the South were victorious by two goals to one.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race has been fixed to be rowed over the usual course on the Thames on Saturday, March 30, when the tide will serve early in the afternoon.

The first of the two large passenger-steamers for the Liverpool and New York service of the White Star Line was successfully launched by Messrs. Harland

*Entertainment to Dock Labourers: Giving them a Song.*

and Wolff, Belfast, on Jan. 19. The vessel is named the Teutonic, and her registered tonnage is about 10,000. She and her sister ship Majestic are the first mercantile steamers specially constructed and retained under agreement with the Admiralty for service as armed cruisers.

The Principal Librarian of the British Museum has issued an order that, in future, novels which have been first published

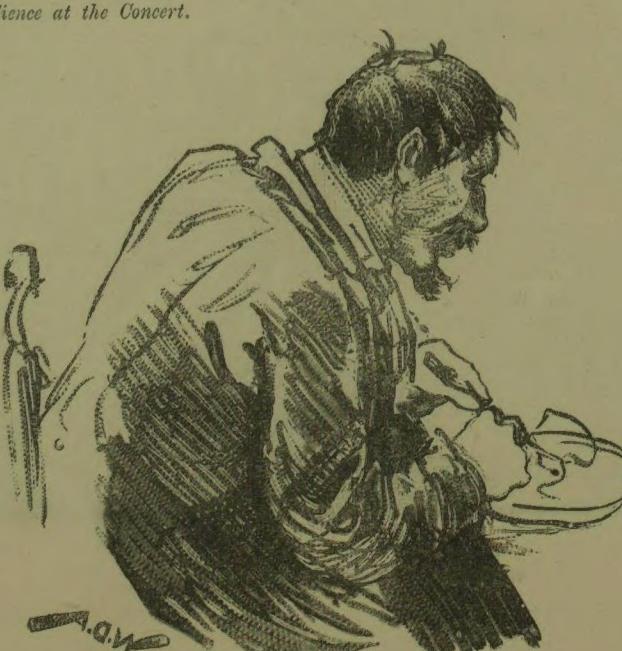
within the preceding five years will not be issued to readers unless some special reason, satisfactory to the superintendent, be given by those requiring them. It is not intended to prevent the issue to readers of editions of, say, Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, &c.; the rule is confined to novels first issued within the five years, and its object is to prevent the reading-room seats from being occupied and the time of the attendants engaged in supplying new novels to a certain number of readers who attend for no other purpose. An investigation was made during the past three months by the officials, when it was found that only about one per cent of the readers persistently required novels, but some of these demanded twenty volumes in a day. It was also found that the books most read were modern French novels by Zola and others, and their English translations and imitators. Under these circumstances the Principal Librarian had no difficulty in issuing the rule, especially as provision is made for the issue of new novels when required for *bona-fide* purposes of research. The rule came into force on Saturday, Jan. 19.

At a meeting of the London and Provincial Bank on Jan. 21 a dividend was declared at the rate of 14 per cent per annum; the Alliance Bank declaring a dividend of 7 per cent per annum.

Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., M.P., will preside at the second annual dinner of Devonians in London, to be held at the Criterion, on March 2.

A meeting of the Victoria Institute took place at 7, Adelphi-terrace, on Jan. 21, when Dr. Leitner gave an interesting account of his investigations into the Indian languages and ethnography. This was followed by a communication from a member of the Institute, who during a life residence among the aborigines of Australia, had found their intelligence easily aroused, and that there was no ground for the assertion that they were unable to count beyond the number of fingers on one hand, for their system of counting was the same as that among the Aryan races.

Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., presided over a meeting convened by the Kyrle Society at Willis's Rooms on Jan. 21, to promote the scheme for the purchase of "The Lawn," Lambeth, with the object of converting it into a public garden. The Marchioness of Lorne was present, accompanied by her husband, who addressed the meeting in support of the scheme. The other speakers included Canon Ainger, Miss Octavia Hill, the Rev. H. P. Hughes, and the Rev. H. Jones. Resolutions were adopted commending the proposal, and pledging the meeting to support the Kyrle Society in trying to raise the necessary funds. A communication was read from the Archbishop of Canterbury stating that the Duke of Bedford would contribute half of the £1000 still needed to complete the purchase-money.

*Entertainment to Dock Labourers: Very Hungry.*

THE COMIC OPERA OF "PAUL JONES."

Our musical review last week of M. Planquette's new comic opera, a signal success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, will have prepared the reader for the sketches presented of the picturesque personages in "Paul Jones." The first work of the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company, "Paul Jones" is so attractive as to promise exceedingly well for this fresh enterprise of Mr. Rosa. There is a waltzlike lilt about the music that is particularly enlivening; and, if Mr. Farnie's libretto be conventional, there is plenty of fun in "Paul Jones," who finds a handsome representative in the accomplished new-comer, a rich contralto, Miss Agnes Huntington. Opening in a pretty seaside scene in the French port of St. Malo, "Paul Jones" offers fine scope for charming fishergirls' and choristers' costumes; and M. and Madame Alias, the Worths of London costumiers, have provided an array of new dresses, dazzling in their variety and brilliancy—notably in the case of the gay Watteau group. The harmonious contrasts of colours in the tasteful costumes, indeed, are not the least meritorious features of this bright production. Miss Phyllis Broughton has never danced with more *chic* and grace than she has as the piquante Chopinette, whose smuggler husband, Bouillabaisse, as performed with unctuous drollery by Mr. Harry Monkhouse, is the most entertaining character in the piece, having for mate a quaint companion in Mr. Albert James as Pierre. Another conspicuous figure is Paul Jones's sweet-voiced sweetheart Yvonne (Miss Wadman), who is portrayed in the duet with Mr. Henry Ashley that is one of the most humorous things in the piece. So much merriment is caused by light-limbed Mr. Frank Wyatt in the part of Don Trocadero that he, too, should have been included in the series of portrait-sketches, which afford a good notion, however, of the characters in "Paul Jones."

A LONDON THEATRE IN THE TIME OF SHAKSPEARE.

A dramatic relic has been sent to the British Museum on loan by the University of Utrecht. It is a representation and description of the Swan Theatre in Southwark in 1596. The picture was discovered in a manuscript work in the Utrecht Library. The author was one Van Buchell, who filled this common-place book with notes on various subjects. Among others is the picture of the Swan, with letter-press on the opposite page. The former is described as drawn "ex observationibus Londonensibus Johannes de Witt," and a point of doubt in connection with it is whether the picture was actually copied from one drawn by De Witt, or whether it was drawn by Van Buchell from oral descriptions by De Witt. The latter was a Dutch scholar and prebendary of the sixteenth century, who travelled widely in foreign countries (probably because he was a Roman Catholic, for whom Holland would not be comfortable just then), and noted what he saw. The theatre is represented as containing three galleries, one above the other, with a tiled roof above the top one, but open to the sky in the centre. The stage is supported on wooden posts, painted like marble, "So that," remarks De Witt, "it might deceive the most sagacious." It is believed to have been removable, so that the amphitheatre might be free whenever it was wanted for bull or bear baiting. The green-room is represented as an erection in the space behind the stage, and apparently open to the public view. De Witt described it to Van Buchell as built solidly of flints, and possessing accommodation for 3000 persons. It is possible that a large number could stand in the amphitheatre on a level with the stage; in no other way can we account for this surprising statement. He says there were four theatres in London, which derived their names from various signs, and each had performances every day. The two principal were on the south side of the river, and were called the Rose and the Swan—Shakspeare's Globe did not then exist—and there were two in the north, in Bishopsgate-street. A fifth was used for bull and bear baiting, and, according to De Witt, "presents a most delightful spectacle." The best, he says, was the Swan, of which he gives a picture, because of its great accommodation and its architecture, which seemed to him to be a survival of the Roman amphitheatre, and it is because of this latter circumstance that Van Buchell preserved the picture. In the play in progress on the stage two ladies are in conversation, and someone enters to them, probably a messenger; but it is probable this is a fancy scene, and comes from no Elizabethan drama. The drawing and letterpress were brought to light by Dr. Karl Gaedertz, who has published with Müller of Bremen a facsimile of both, with a discussion on the subject in a pamphlet entitled "Zur Kenntniss der Altenglischen Bühne," which is intended as a contribution to Shakspearian literature. It has been generously lent by the Utrecht University authorities to the British Museum for the inspection of students of the Elizabethan theatre.

BEFORE AND AFTER DARWIN.

Mr. G. T. Romanes, Fullerian Professor of Physiology, gave at the Royal Institution on Jan. 22 the second part of his course of lectures on "Before and After Darwin." Briefly alluding to the historic nature of the first part, delivered last spring, he said that in the present portion he intended to deal exclusively with the general theory of evolution as propounded by Darwin, the evidences of fact in favour of it, and the real and unreal objections to it. In this preliminary lecture there were some general thoughts that presented themselves. If the importance of a man's work was to be estimated by the influence it had on the method of work of others, then Darwin was not only the greatest man of the century, but of all time. The influence of speculative philosophers like Kant, Berkeley, and Hegel was nothing in comparison, nor was that of scientific workers and pioneers such as Harvey, Cuvier, Lyell, or Faraday, or such as Copernicus, Galileo, or Newton. The only man that could be named with him was Aristotle. Aristotle was the first to grasp and to introduce scientific method, but neither his example nor his precepts

were followed till after the time of Roger Bacon. In addition to his actual work he made many guesses, some of which were true, some have been found erroneous. He had to accumulate facts and devise a method for dealing with them. This was his merit. Darwin found much work of fact-accumulation ready, and also methods or work that had been long in use. Strongly disinclined to metaphysics, he gave himself to the methodical contemplation of the subject of evolution with wonderfully clear judgment. Though he was able to abstract himself from minutiae and take a broad view of his subject, he could plod at details. Indeed, had he never been known as an evolutionist he would have still held a front rank in science, and as early as 1864 received the Copley medal of the Royal Society, in the award of which it was distinctly mentioned that all consideration of his "Origin of Species" had been purposely omitted. "Struggle for Existence," "Survival of the Fittest," "Hereditv," were all recognised before Darwin's time, yet no one had grasped their bearing one on another. Darwin's great merit is the years of thought he gave to evolution, and the care with which he patiently examined facts bearing on the subject till he gave it a complete proof. There are but two hypotheses in the field to account for origin of species—one that they are separately created, the other that they are the result of evolution. This second supposes discoverable causes. Just as in medicine we no longer believe in supernatural, but in discoverable, causes for disease, though in some cases the cause has not yet been discovered; so we may accept discoverable causes in evolution though not all of them are yet known.

LAUNCH OF A LIFE-BOAT AT DOVER.

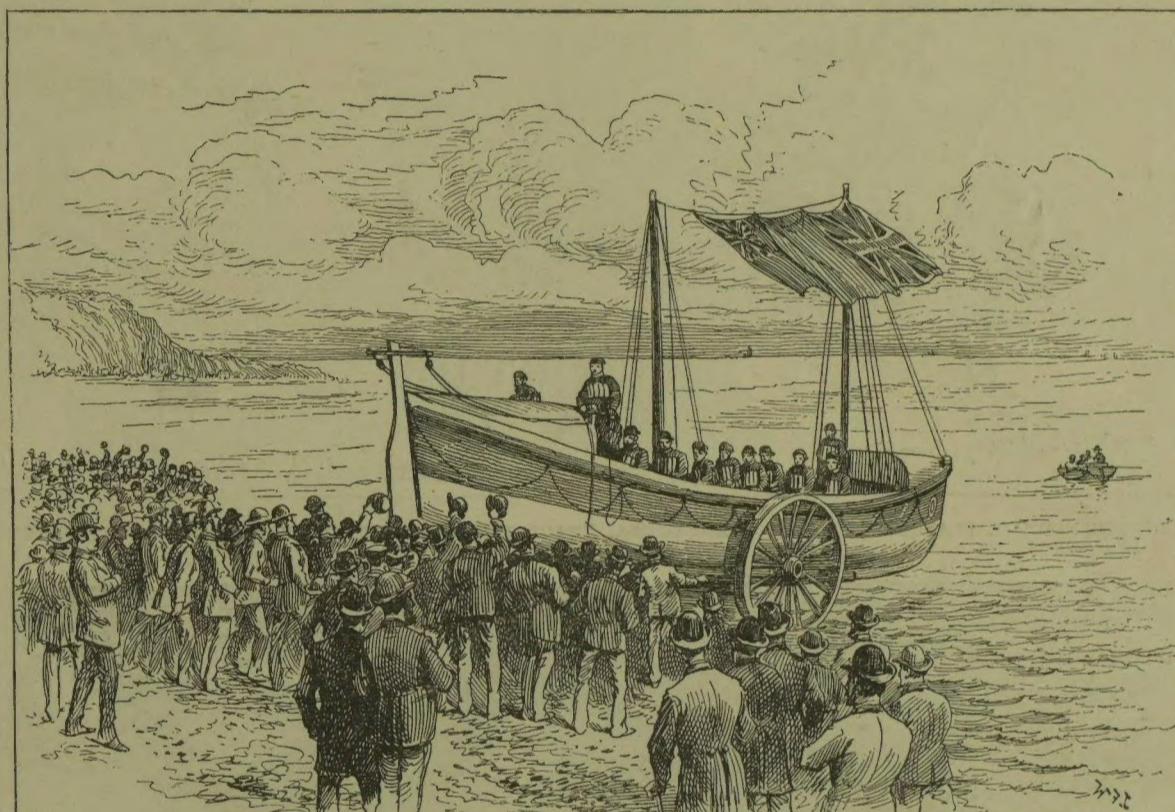
An interesting ceremony took place at Dover on Saturday, Jan. 19: the launching and christening of a new life-boat placed on this station. It is one of the latest type of self-righting boats, and by the introduction of water-ballast its stability is greatly increased. When tested, this boat easily righted itself with a full crew of fourteen men, and with the mast and sails up. The cost of the boat has been defrayed by Mrs. Morrice, of Erith, in memory of her late husband, after whom the boat is named. The launch took place on the sea-front, in the presence of thousands of spectators on the

"THE SILVER FALLS" AT THE ADELPHI.
The dramatic partnership of Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt is to be credited with yet another Adelphi success in the powerful new drama of "The Silver Falls," which opens on the beautiful riverside lawn depicted, and closes amid the romantic mountain scenery of Mexico. Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, who have transformed the Adelphi into one of the safest and most elegant of our electric-lighted theatres, spared no expense in mounting "The Silver Falls." The story is that of Eric Normanhurst, one of those dashing heroes Mr. William Terriss represents with declamatory force. Espoused to the beauteous Mexican girl Lola (enacted to perfection by Miss Olga Nethersole), Eric Normanhurst learns too late in this riverside scene at Richmond that his wife is an unscrupulous adventuress. She had, indeed, on this very spot a short time previously been interviewed by an infatuated Mexican lover of hers, one Marcos Valles, a refugee from justice. Deserting his adventuress wife, Normanhurst flits to Mexico, where he soon falls in love with fair Primrose Easterbrook (the most captivating heroine Miss Millward has ever embodied), and, hearing from Marcos Valles of his wife's death, marries his new love—only to meet Lola face to face in his new home on his wedding night. The way to eventual happiness is opened to Eric and Primrose, however, by the murder of Lola by Marcus Valles (powerfully and cleverly individualised by Mr. Charles Cartwright), and the interesting play ends with an exceedingly effective scenic representation of "The Silver Falls." A word of praise should be added for the Hibernian geniality of Mr. J. D. Beveridge as Bob Maguire, and for the vivacity of sparkling Miss Clara Jecks and merry Mr. J. L. Shine, who, as Norah and Jack Slingsby, furnish the light comedy of this successful play.

THE APPLIED ARTS.

Sir James D. Linton read a paper, on Jan. 22, before a meeting of the Applied Art Section of the Society of Arts, which was held at the society's offices, John-street, Adelphi; the subject being "Some Recent Movements in Relation to the Applied Arts." Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen presided.

The lecturer stated that he did not intend to speak on the subject from a technical point of view, but rather to deal with the various opinions that had been recently expressed upon it. He could not help thinking that the initial mistake of the Art Congress recently held at Liverpool was its general tone. The outer world were in all directions accused of want of due appreciation of the beautiful, and a lack of national spirit towards the encouragement of art; but the members of the congress did not point in sufficiently strong terms to the share of blame that might be properly attached to themselves for such a state of things. The principal charge made by Sir F. Leighton, who presided at the congress, was that as a nation we were lacking in the strong aesthetic instinct—the impulse towards an absolute need of beauty—and that, although what was excellent received recognition, that which was ignoble and hideous was not detested, but accepted with a dull, indifferent acquiescence. Such a charge, however, he (Sir J. Linton) ventured to assert could not be sustained by historical facts, everything tending, in his opinion, to point to the contrary. Proceeding briefly to review some of the principal epochs of our art history of the past as bearing out this theory, the lecturer pointed out that an extraordinary wave of degeneration gradually over-



LAUNCH OF THE "LEWIS MORRICE" LIFE-BOAT AT DOVER.

promenade. Within a reserved enclosure were many residents of Dover, including Major-General Montgomery Moore (commanding the South-Eastern District), the Mayor (Mr. W. H. Crundall), and members of the Corporation, besides Mrs. Morrice, Mr. Beaumont Morrice, Captain Cunningham Grahame (Inspector of Boats for the Royal National Life-Boat Institution), General Bruce, and others. Mr. Beaumont Morrice, on behalf of his mother, formally handed over the boat to Captain Grahame, who received it on behalf of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, and consigned it to General Bruce, as representing the local committee. The band of the Royal Irish Fusiliers played the hymn "For those in peril on the sea"; and a dedicatory prayer was offered by the Rev. A. D. C. Ryder. The boat was then christened by the donor, in the customary manner, and will be called the "Lewis Morrice." It was launched into the sea amidst general cheering, the band playing the National Anthem; and it was then rowed about the bay under the command of Coxswain Woodgate; Captain Grahame accompanied the crew.

The result of the polling in the Govan division of Lanarkshire was the return of Mr. J. Wilson, the Gladstonian candidate, by a majority of 1071 votes.

The fifth anniversary of the Académie Internationale de Coiffure will be celebrated on Wednesday, Jan. 30, at the Free-masons' Tavern, by an exhibition of Historical Hairdressing and Costume, to be followed by a costume and evening-dress ball.

We are indebted to several photographers for the portraits of the recently elected members of the first London County Council; to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street, for that of Lord Rosebery; to the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent-street, for the photographs of Mr. Augustus Harris, Sir John Lubbock, and Sir Reginald Hanson; also to Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent-street, for those of Mr. H. W. Lawson, M.P., Mr. F. C. Carr-Glyn, Mr. C. E. Lewes, Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., Captain Verney, R.N., Colonel Edwin Hughes, M.P., Mr. F. A. Ford, Mr. H. H. Raphael, Mr. W. B. Doubleday, Mr. Nathan Robinson, Mr. Joseph Thornton, Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, Mr. F. C. Frye, Mr. Lawrence Stevens, Mr. R. M. Beachcroft, Mr. J. B. Firth, M.P., and Mr. G. S. Elliott; to Messrs. G. Russell and Sons, for that of the Rev. H. B. Chapman, and for one or two others; to Mr. T. Fall, Baker-street, for that of Lady Sandhurst; to Mr. Vernon Kaye, South Kensington, for that of Mr. Torr; and to Messrs. J. H. Lillic and Co., for that of Mr. John Jones.

whelmed the applied arts, not only in this country, but throughout Europe, from the year 1815, and that the awakening only came with the Exhibition of 1851. The knowledge gained from that event gave a great impetus to all the art crafts, and he knew of no branch that since that time had languished from want of due appreciation on the part of the people. Whatever deficiencies still existed he would lay at the door, not of the public, but of the art crafts themselves, and the remedy must therefore proceed from the designer and the workman. In this connection it would be difficult to overestimate the benefit that would result from a more intimate association of the two. In our craftsmen we had a body perhaps the most amenable and certainly the most painstaking and trustworthy in the world; and it was to be regretted that there were so few means by which they could be brought together after their daily work to compare and discuss the various characteristics of their particular crafts by which they could further a general improvement. He would suggest that each craft should return to a modified form of the best features of the old guilds for the purpose of improving the character of their work both as an art and a craft. We were suffering from a want of organisation, and from the increasing repugnance to the use of the grade of apprenticeship—a means of training so valuable that he feared, unless its decay be arrested, disastrous results would ensue. A body somewhat similar to that which he had suggested already existed in the Art Workers' Guild, but he would propose that each craft should have its own particular guild, instead of having a conglomeration of them all.

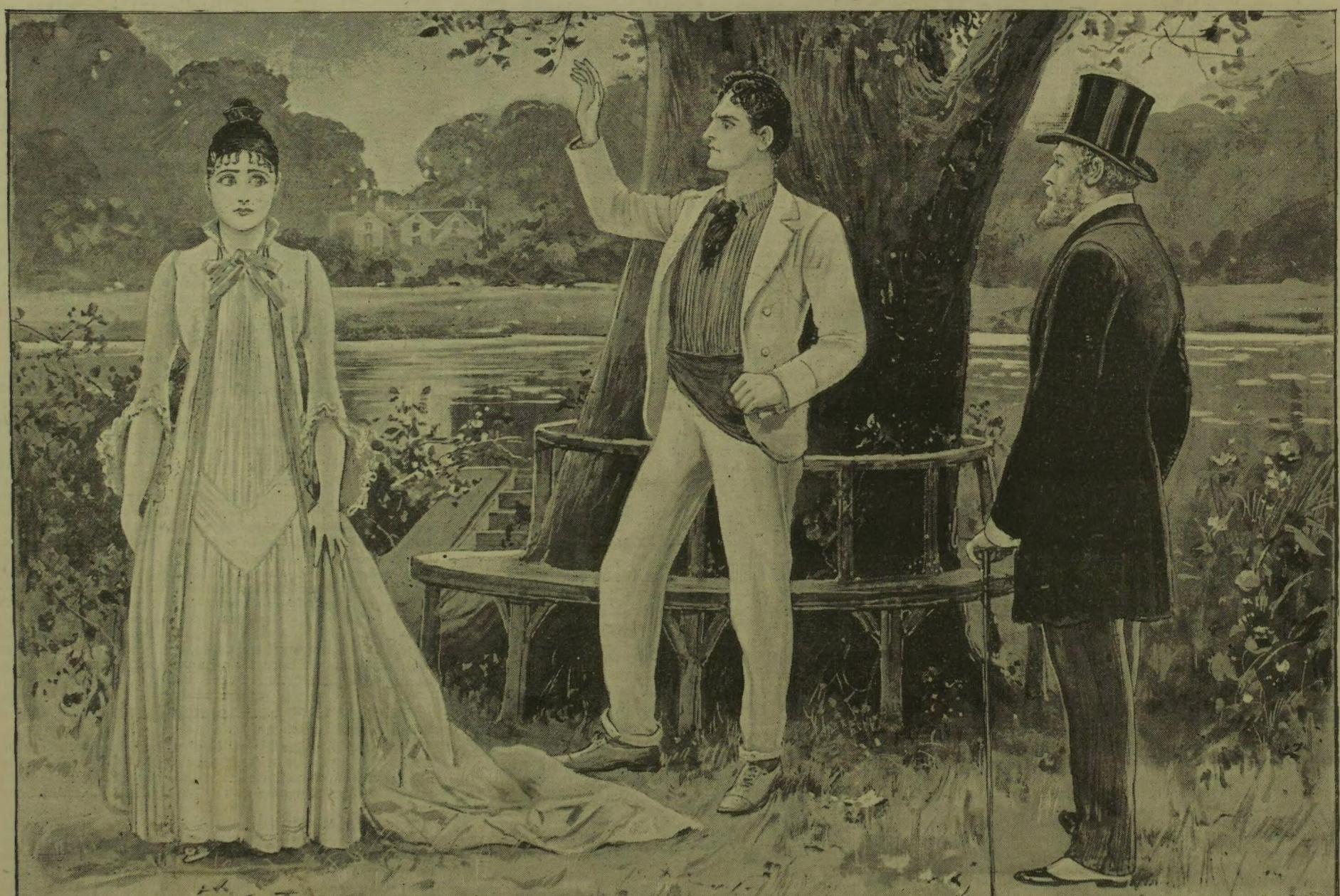
The Right Rev. Dr. Hughes, Bishop of St. Asaph, died at Crieff, Perthshire, on Jan. 21.

Mr. Carl Armbruster will give on Monday afternoon, Jan. 28, at the Portman Rooms, a recital of Wagner's musical drama, "Tristan und Isolde"; the second recital being announced on Thursday, Jan. 31, and the third on Monday, Feb. 4.

The Earl of Orford has at the January rent audit again remitted 10 per cent to his tenants. The Earl of Lucas has intimated to the tenantry on his estate in Mayo his intention to wipe out all arrears due on payment of one year's rent. Lord Wantage has again presented to between eighty and ninety of the labourers employed on his Home Farm, at Ardington and Lockinge, £2 each, as a bonus on the profits made on the farm during the year ending Michaelmas, 1888.



SKETCHES FROM M. PLANQUETTE'S NEW COMIC OPERA, "PAUL JONES," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.



SCENE FROM THE NEW ADELPHI DRAMA OF "THE SILVER FALLS," BY MESSRS. SIMS AND PETTITT.



THE VAGARIES OF TORNADOES.

The accounts of the destruction of life and property caused by the tornado in the Eastern States of America on Jan. 9 give evidence of such tremendous violence in the force of the wind that we, on this side of the Atlantic, feel no little difficulty in believing all that has been said. The storms which visit the British Isles are occasionally very severe, causing numerous disasters on sea and land; but we search in vain for records of anything approaching the damage which a tornado is stated to accomplish during its brief career. Had there been no train on the Tay Bridge to increase the strain on that structure during the gale which was raging, it is probable that the sad disaster would not have occurred, and the gale itself would soon have been forgotten. But although the cyclonic storms common to nearly all parts of the world are, in most respects, of the same nature as the local tornado of the American Continent, they are altogether different in the fierceness of the wind. A cyclone is an atmospheric disturbance of many hundreds of miles in diameter, the wind, in the northern hemisphere whirling round the central point in the opposite direction to the movements of the hands of a watch: but it does not necessarily mean that it is blowing a gale over the whole area covered by the system. The tornado, on the other hand, is extremely limited in extent, ranging from 40 ft. to 10,000 ft. in diameter, the average of many hundreds being 1085 ft., and in this small space it would seem that the energy of the large cyclones is concentrated. When the erection of suitable buildings for the Exhibition of 1851 was under consideration our engineers calculated that the probable maximum wind-pressure which the structure would have to withstand would be only 12 lb. per square foot. Even in our worst storms it is doubted whether the pressure ever amounts to 40 lb. per square foot—equal to a velocity of ninety miles an hour—and it is only in recent years that authorities have been willing to admit that this pressure can be attained in this country. Of course, if our winds do not blow stronger than these figures indicate it is very hard for us to realise that they can exert a pressure about six times as great in other countries. It is this excessive violence which is characteristic of the tornado, and, if we cannot place implicit reliance upon every particular recorded, we must concede that it is far more severe than our own more extensive storms.

In the recent tornado, which had a diameter of 200 ft., huge buildings of seven and eight storeys were wrecked like so many houses of cards, locomotive engines were turned topsy-turvy in their sheds, trains thrown off the line, Niagara Suspension Bridge (supposed to be the strongest of its kind in the world) dashed into the river below, and parts of buildings cut off as if a huge pair of shears had been used. Passing through such a thickly-populated district the loss of life was, unfortunately, very serious, and as the phenomenon is not so frequently experienced in the neighbourhood as in some of the central States, its disastrous results will long be remembered. Less than a year ago another of these unwelcome visitors passed over Mount Vernon, in Illinois, bringing down churches, schools, and other public buildings, only one third of the town escaping injury.

The particulars we receive by telegraph, however, give but an imperfect picture of the march of the tornado; they do not mention details about geese and poultry losing all their feathers, sheep stripped of their wool, and animals, dead and alive, hurled about by the hurricane as easily as our gales carry straw and leaves. It is simply marvellous to us how churches and other buildings stalk about the country, all because there is a small tornado hovering round. If we want an exact account of the manner in which the "Twister of the Prairie" does its work, there is no more entertaining work than a volume of the Reports of the Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army, the head of the Meteorological Bureau, presented to Congress annually. Whenever a tornado occurs, an officer is deputed to make minute inquiries on the spot. He visits all persons in the vicinity and obtains from them a relation of their personal experiences, and their ideas of what took place during the brief moments of the storm's violence. We will take at random the volume for 1873; it does not, perhaps, contain the most extraordinary of these certainly extraordinary "facts"; but our readers will, nevertheless, obtain an insight into the tricks which are played by a tornado. We have said that these reports are entertaining; when the following references are read it will be seen that the "entertainment" is ours entirely.

On May 22, 1873, a tornado desolated some portions of Iowa and Illinois, and Sergeant Macintosh was ordered to the scene with the usual powers. He noted all the data as to the appearance of the advancing funnel-shaped cloud, the thunder and lightning, the rain and hail, and the loud roar of the rapidly-revolving column. The "Statement of the Facts" alone occupies thirty-four closely-printed pages, and only a few examples can be related.

A school, with its teacher and scholars, was lifted from its stone foundation and carried a distance of 25 ft., the windows, roof, &c., being damaged; but the building was not overturned. As the whole weighed about 30,000 lb., the velocity of the wind must have exceeded ninety miles an hour, equal to a pressure of nearly 42 lb. per square foot. Hogs of about three hundredweight were carried across a ravine and came to earth 300 yards distant. A horse, cow, and bull took a flight of 200 yards, and sheep double this distance. One hog, weighing 400 lb., "flew" a mile and a quarter; whilst a heifer, weighing 700 lb., was carried away and thrust, head foremost, into wet soil until her forequarters were buried. A house weighing twenty tons was wrenched from its foundations, and ploughed up the ground for a distance of 6 ft., when it was lifted over the tops of trees 20 ft. high and carried 100 ft., still keeping entire, and only going to pieces when it fell. This required a pressure of more than 71 lb. per square foot. A granary full of grain, the total weight of which was 60,000 lb., was forced from its position through an accumulation of wet straw and rubbish, of which it pushed quite a pile before it to a distance of 14 ft. It was calculated that the pressure necessary to do the work in this case amounted to 234.3 lb. per square foot, equal to a velocity of 216.5 miles per hour. Another granary, weighing 55,000 lb., was removed to a distance of twenty-one yards, the pressure required being 107.4 lb. per square foot. One man stated that he had been picked up by the tornado and whirled about like a top for a distance of fifty yards, and was then brought to a standstill against a fence. It is not surprising that he could only see one funnel, and that he thought the upper cloud was whirling. The noise, according to one person, was like the discharges of artillery, the roaring being terrific, and resembled the sounds of machinery magnified a million times. Some houses were blown to pieces, and the fragments dispersed to various distances, the heaviest articles dropping out first. From one farm two cows and thirteen hogs were ruthlessly whipped off to a distance of 100 yards, and were either killed or fatally injured. In one case the wind was blowing so hard as to threaten to blow in the door when four men placed themselves against it. The lock and hinges could not stand the strain, and the men had to

exert their utmost strength to keep the door in its place, until the house collapsed. The men afterwards found themselves in the débris some distance away, the door itself being picked up a quarter of a mile off. As to carts, waggons, wheels, ploughs, sewing machines, stoves, bells, posts, machinery, and suchlike "light" articles, they were merely chaff before the wind: some were blown away and never found again, others were wrenched in pieces and scattered hither and thither.

Sergeant Macintosh estimated that over an area ten miles wide the rain fell at the rate of 23,232,000 cubic feet, or 1,452,000,000 lb. per minute; while in the same time the weight of the air rushing into the vortex was 5,330,020,875,922 lb., which, moving at an assumed velocity of 120 miles an hour, represents a horse-power of 77,689,092,161,166! It is to be hoped our readers can grasp these facts, and from them form some idea of the difference between the American tornado and the modest storms of Britain. Our storms at least have the merit of discriminating between the strong and the weak; but the tornado recklessly mows down everything, uprooting trees and picking up pins with equal ease.

H. H.

LES AVANTS, LAKE OF GENEVA.

Two thousand feet above the sheltered north-east corner of the Lake of Geneva there lies a little basin in the valley of the Baie de Monthéry, with a cluster of houses called "Les Avants." This place, in the height of summer, when the heat by the lakeside is unbearable, has long been a favourite resort; but of late years it has been growing in repute as a winter residence, and if the weather and life there are as delightful as suggested by our Artist, in the Sketches we publish to-day, there is no wonder at its increasing popularity. One of the lady visitors up there said, in an aggrieved tone, that until quite recently, the residents in Monthéry, below, used always to tell people that everything at Les Avants was shut up in the winter and buried in impassable snow. And it was quite a revelation to some adventurous tourists who explored the place one fine winter day to find the family at the hotel all sitting in the open verandah, lounging and basking in the sunshine, amidst the shining snow, and breathing in health and vigour with the crisp dry atmosphere. This state of things became known, and increasing visitors have turned the hotel-keeper's quiet winter into quite a lively time with their search for health and sport.

The winter occupations natural to the country are extremely interesting, and it is now that the peasants take advantage of the easy means of transit to bring down from the mountains the hay and wood they have cut in the days of summer, and have stacked up above. A train of these sledges, called here "luges," is an almost hourly sight, either laboriously ascending the steep road or going rapidly down, almost flying, pressed forward by the great load, and warning any unwary obstructionist with a loud yell of "Gare!" The startled stroller makes a jump into the deep snow at the roadside, and the unwieldy load moves by, steered with wonderful skill by the man ahead. The heavier timber is brought down by horses; while the lightest work of all is done by the people who have nothing to do but to make work; they, with their "luges," mount the road in a pleasant company; and then fly down upon them at a rate of twenty miles an hour, the unskilful ones often landing in the bank of snow at the side. In the hotel grounds, an artificial skating-rink is constructed, and the patrons of the steel blade can here disport themselves. Beautiful but stiff walks can be had in the neighbourhood—down to the river, to the bridge called after the artist Doré, who used to sketch here; or up to Mount Cubly, whence one of the finest views of the lake and neighbourhood is obtained; or, if the weather be favourable, an excursion may be made to one of the neighbouring peaks. The less robust may indulge in the novelty of sleighing expeditions, and go shopping for delicacies to enjoy on their return. Davos and other elevated regions may have their admirers; but the advantages of Les Avants are warmly commended by visitors who go there, year after year, and find it a pleasant winter sojourn at a moderate cost.

JANUARY'S SNOWBELLS.

When the first pure-white petals coyly peeping
From earth, still veiled in January's snow,
Tell that, at last, Spring's heart, though softly sleeping,
Feels the first warmth of Nature's wakening glow—
Is the sound of laughter or of weeping
Those tiny bells ring from the long ago?

Is there the joy of young remembrance waking
When the first snowdrops Flora's reign began?—
Prize beyond words, the young heart joyous making
As nothing since, in life's fierce fevered span!
And does the child's soul, once again awaking,
Speak from the snowbells to the world-worn man?

Or do they ring in saddest tones the glory
That purled earth and sea, long passed away,
The final chapter of the chequered story
Once gleaming golden on an endless way,—
Till the worn heart and head, now bowed and hoary,
Can only feel the evening's shadows grey?

Mr. Frederic Spencer, assistant-master at the Leys School, Cambridge, has been elected (from amongst thirty candidates) to the newly-founded Chair of Modern Languages in the University College of North Wales.

At the meeting of the School Board for London on Jan. 17, the first after the winter holidays, the names of gentlemen who had been selected as chairmen of committees were submitted. There was a discussion on the fee question, and ultimately it was referred to the Bye-Laws Committee to bring up a scheme for dealing with this subject without excluding children from school. After a debate relating to the legal work of the Board, it was agreed that a special committee of five be appointed to investigate the matter.

Arrangements have been completed for the holding of a great society fête, to be known as "The Ice Carnival," in the Royal Albert Hall and Conservatory, on behalf of the West-End Hospital for Paralysis, which is under the patronage of the Princess of Wales. The dates fixed are March 14, 15, and 16, and the fête will represent winter scenes and festivities in various countries. Each of the scenes will be carried out with nearest possible approach to realism, and will include the games, sports, and pastimes of the different nationalities. Among those who are actively engaged in the work, and will take or assist at the stalls, are the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Marchioness of Waterford, the Countess of Aylesford, the Countess of Romney, Lady Beaumont, Lady Annaly, Lady Francis Seymour, the Countess Lützow, the Countess de Morella, Mrs. Mackay, and Madame Nordica. Mr. William Whiteley has kindly undertaken the necessary works and preparations of the fête; and Mr. D'Arcy de Ferrars ("Ye Master of ye Revels") has been appointed general manager, and may be communicated with at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington.

A DORSETSHIRE FARM.

Perhaps it is just at the turn of the year that our farm is seen to the best advantage. The back of the winter is broken, and as the days begin to lengthen the earth seems to lose the dead, hopeless brown look it has had for so long, and a subtle heightening of colour on field, or bank, or on the bare stripped branches in the orchard, denotes to our watching eyes that spring—beautiful, sleeping spring—is stirring in her bed, and beginning to think and dream of the pleasant work before her.

True, the frost-king is not yet dethroned: clear, lovely, dark-blue nights are bright with thousands of steely glittering stars, and at early morning thick white rime turns the prosaic place into fairyland; but the sound of running water is heard at midday, and down the lane that leads up to our farm a merry, sparkling stream runs freely, necessitating careful walking on our parts, when we leave the "barton" and proceed on a leisurely promenade round the place; while in a sheltered spot the earth is broken by the upward thrust of the snowdrop's spear, and we know that in a very few more days the graceful blossoms will be swaying in the breeze—the sweet peat-scented south-west breeze that, when it is cold and bleak everywhere else, turns our Dorset farm into paradise; where winter is forgotten long before he has ceased to reign in all his strength in other, less-favoured counties. And yet if spring is sweet, with her thousand flowers—the golden celandine coming first, to be followed in quick succession by snowdrops, violets, and primroses, while daffodils dance in yonder sheltered copse deep in last year's leaves, and vocal with a thousand birds, and cowslips scent the air—what shall we say about summer at our farm?

The apple-blossom in the orchard spreads its pink-tipped petals upwards to the sunshine, the cuckoo calls ceaselessly from the rose-hedge at the bottom of the garden, the Banksia rose that climbs over the porch is in flower, and the birds sing rapturously all day long—aye, and all night too, it seems to us—for scarcely have the blackbirds and thrushes gone to sleep before the nightingale begins—the nightingale, uncommon in our special county, but always singing up in Calwood; where, at night, we wander hand-in-hand to hear her down the mysterious "rides," where the branches throw weird shadows in the moonlight, and where rabbits, disturbed by our footsteps, scatter away, looking ghostlike indeed in the dim, mysterious gloom of the little wood.

Surely there are, now-a-days, no summers as there used to be in that dear delightful farmstead; no gooseberries as big and red; no strawberries quite as sweet as those gathered there in early morning, hot with the sun, and scented curiously by their bed of spent hops from a neighbouring brewery—supposed specific against worm and snail; no roses like the curious, wide-petaled striped York and Lancaster rose by the gateway; and no sunshine like the hot, bright sunshine in the walled garden, where in autumn the reluctant purple plums ripened slowly and fell late victims to the wasps and the numerous swarming ants.

And yet, when we return there once more, we find it is all the same! It is early spring. The self-same consequential hens—so it seems to us—strut, quarrel, and complain in the yard underneath our bedroom window; and as we draw back the dark red curtain, and throw open the lattice—the real old-fashioned lattice—we hear, as of old, the murmur of the brook in the lane, and scent the newly-turned earth, the indescribable odour of growing things, that tell us that winter is over and past, and that the voice of the turtle will soon be heard in the land!

Or it is autumn. Above the farmstead the beautiful sweeping downs are pink and glowing with the wild heather, where the bees are busy gathering in their last stores of perfumed honey; the French furze glitters and almost sparkles in the sunshine; and down in the lower fields the soft, wonderful purple haze, that is fog on the Purbeck Hills, some eight or nine miles away, is lifting gradually and drifting away before the little whiffs of air which, coming to us from the sea, presage storm and the first footsteps of the winter. But the storm will not come before evening. The liver-and-white setters are dribbling at the mouth eagerly as they note the guns; and the dog-cart is ready to start, long before fashionable sportsmen—save the mark!—have stirred in their sleep and begun to remember it is "the First"; and then we are away once more, knee-deep in the swedes, where the wide leaves are full of moisture, or away over the stubble, working steadily with the dogs, and enjoying sport and sights and sounds that will serve to brighten many a dark winter hour when we are once more back in fog-laden, but much-loved, London; and that remain for us year after year, season after season, without change, without the smallest alteration, until we choose to return to them, and see them for ourselves once again.

And then as we are sitting round the great open hearth, with its artistically arranged "back-log" and its glowing peat fire, in the big square stone-floored room we are none of us too grand to call the best kitchen, we hear the wind gradually rise. First it wails round the chimneys in fitful, plaintive, little sobs and sighs, then, becoming stronger, it casts itself in full fury on the house, tearing and screaming round every corner and in at every cranny, while heavy scuds of rain fling themselves viciously against the windows, sounding like blows struck smartly from a whip on the glass-panes; and the dogs, sleeping before the fire, stretch and blink and wake, rising to see that all is right before falling asleep again, heavily, as becomes them after a long and successful day of work.

The farmer smokes his pipe, and wonders if the ash-trees near the "barton" will weather this storm as they did the last, and tells us how glad he is to know all the corn is well in, and that the rain will refill the springs; while his wife creeps away to the children, and returns quickly, because they are too much used to such storms to stir, and are all calmly sleeping, though the old windows are rattling mightily, and in our special chamber the curtains are blowing about gaily, and the carpet is rising up and down, as if we were in a ship far out on the stormy sea, beating angrily and strongly on the iron-bound Dorset coast.

Quiet, sad, solitary as the farm looks, nestled down behind the downs, two miles as it is from the nearest village—aye, even from the nearest neighbour—each day that dawns adds something special to the long catalogue of interest inseparable from its charmed existence, adds another link in that treble chain that binds our hearts to it so securely that a whiff from a heaped-up basket of spring flowers in the crowded Strand brings it all back to us in an instant, and reminds us that—an we will have it so—we can in a very few hours indeed be once more revelling in all the delights of the farm-life; but, perhaps because it is always waiting for us, we never go back to it, save when memory asserts her sway and takes us in a moment to our Dorset farm.

J. E. P.

Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, F.S.A., has been elected president of the National Thrift Society for the present year.

A large clock with two illuminated dials and striking the hours has just been erected in Coggeshall, Essex, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. Messrs. John Smith and Sons, Midland Clock Works, Derby, carried out the work.



CLEOPATRA:

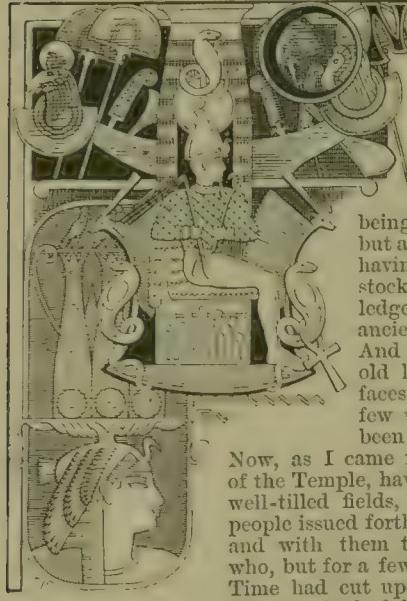
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE
OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS
SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER V.

OF THE RETURN OF HARMACHIS TO ABOUTHIS; OF THE
CELEBRATION OF THE MYSTERIES; OF THE CHANT OF
ISIS; AND OF THE WARNING OF AMENEMHAT.



the next day I embraced my uncle, Sepa, and with an eager heart departed from Annu back to Abouthis. And, to be short, thither I came in safety, having been absent five years and a month, being now no more a boy but a man full grown, and having my mind well stocked with the knowledge of men and the ancient wisdom of Egypt. And once again I saw the old lands and the known faces, though of these some few were wanting, having been gathered to Osiris.

Now, as I came nigh to the temenos of the Temple, having ridden across the well-tilled fields, the priests and the people issued forth to bid me welcome, and with them the old wife, Atoua, who, but for a few added wrinkles that Time had cut upon her forehead, was even as she had been when she threw

the sandal after me five long years ago.

"La! la! la!" she cried; "and there thou art, my bonny lad; more bonny even than thou wert! La! what a man! what shoulders! and what a face and form! Ah, it does an old woman credit to have dandled thee! But thou art over-pale; those priests down there at Annu have starved thee, surely? Starve not thyself: the Gods love not a skeleton. 'Empty stomach makes empty head,' as they say at Alexandria. But this is a glad hour; ay, a joyous hour! Come in—come in!" and as I lighted down she embraced me.

But I thrust her aside. "My father! where is my father?" I cried; "I see him not!"

"Nay, nay, have no fear," she answered: "his Holiness is well; he waits thee in his chamber. There, pass on. O happy day! O happy Abouthis!"

And so I went, or rather ran, and reached the chamber of which I have written, and there at the table sat my father, Amenemhat, even the same as he had been, but very old; and I ran to him and, kneeling before him, kissed his hand, and he blessed me.

"Look up, my son," he said, "and let my old eyes gaze upon thy face, that I may read thy heart."

So I lifted up my head, and long and earnestly he looked upon me.

"I read thee," he said at length; "pure thou art and strong in wisdom: I have not been deceived in thee. Oh, lonely have been the years; but I did well to send thee hence. Now, tell me, tell me of thy life; for thy letters have told me little, and thou canst not know, my son, how hungry is a father's heart."

And so I told him; far into the night we sat and communed one with another. And in the end he bade me know that I must now prepare me to be initiated into those great mysteries that are learned of the chosen of the Gods.

And so it came to pass that for a space of three months I prepared myself according to the holy customs. I ate no meat. I was constant in the sanctuaries and in the study of the secrets of the Great Sacrifice and of the passion of the Holy Mother. I watched and prayed before the altars. I lifted up my soul to God; ay, in dreams I communed with the Invisible, till at length earth and earth's desires seemed to pass from me. I longed no more for the glory of this world, my heart hung above it as an eagle on his outstretched wings, and the voice of the world's blame could not stir it, and the vision of its beauty brought no delight. For above me was the vast vault of heaven, where in unalterable procession the stars pass on, drawing after them the destinies of men; where the Holy Ones sit upon their burning thrones, and watch the chariot-wheels of Fate as they roll from sphere to sphere. O hours of holy contemplation! who having once tasted of your joy could wish again to grovel on the earth? O vile flesh! to drag us down. I would that thou hadst then altogether fallen from me, and left my spirit free to seek Osiris!

The months of probation passed but too swiftly, and now the holy day drew near when I was in truth to be united to the universal Mother. Never hath Night so longed for the promise of the Dawn; never hath the heart of a lover so passionately desired the sweet coming of the bride, as I longed to see Thy glorious face, O Isis! Even now that I have been faithless to Thee, and Thou art far from me, O Divine! my soul goes out to Thee, and once more I know—But as it is bidden that I should draw the veil and speak of things that have not been told since the beginning of this world, let me pass on and reverently set down the history of that holy morn. For seven days had the great festival been celebrated, the suffering of the Lord Osiris had been commemorated, the passion of the Mother Isis had been adored, and glory had been done to the memory of the coming of the Divine Child Horus, the Son, the Avenger, the God-begot. All these things had been carried out according to the ancient rites. The boats had floated on the sacred lake, the priests had scourged themselves before the sanctuaries, and the images had been borne through the streets at night. And now, as the sun sank on the seventh day, once more the great procession gathered to chant the woes of Isis and tell how the evil was avenged. We went in silence from the Temple, and passed through the city ways. First came those who clear the path, then my father Amenemhat in all his priestly robes and the wand of cedar in his hand. Then, clad in pure linen, followed I, the neophyte, alone; and after me the white-robed priests, holding aloft banners and the emblems of the Gods. Next came those who bear the sacred boat, and after them the singers and the mourners;

while, stretching far as the eye could reach, marched all the people, clad in melancholy black because Osiris was no more. In silence we went through the city streets till at length we came to the temenos of the Temple and passed in. And as my father, the High Priest, entered beneath the gateway of the outer pylons a sweet-voiced woman-singer began to sing the Holy Chant, and thus she sang—

"Sing we Osiris dead,
Lament the fallen head:
The light has left the world, the world is grey.
Athwart the starry skies
The web of darkness flies,
And Isis weeps Osiris passed away.
Your tears, ye stars, ye fires, ye rivers shed,
Weep, children of the Nile, weep, for your Lord is dead!"

She paused in her most sweet song, and thereon the whole multitude took up the melancholy dirge—

"Softly we tread, our measured footsteps falling
Within the Sanctuary Sevenfold;
Soft on the Dead that liveth are we calling:
'Return, Osiris, from thy Kingdom cold!
Return to them that worship thee of old.'"

The chorus ceased, and once again she sang—

"Within the court divine
The Sevenfold-sacred shrine
We pass, while echoes of the Temple walls
Repeat the long lament.
The sound of sorrow sent
Far up within the imperishable halls,
Where, each in other's arms, the Sisters weep,
Isis and Nephthys, o'er His unawaking sleep."

And then again rolled out the solemn chorus of a thousand voices—

"Softly we tread, our measured footsteps falling
Within the Sanctuary Sevenfold;
Soft on the Dead that liveth are we calling:
'Return, Osiris, from thy Kingdom cold!
Return to them that worship thee of old.'"

It ceased, and sweetly she took up the song—

"O dweller in the West,
Lover and Lordliest,
Thy love, thy Sister Isis, calls thee home!
Come from thy chamber dun
Thou Master of the Sun,
Thy shadowy chamber far below the foam!
With weary wings and spent
Through all the firmament,
Through all the horror-haunted ways of Hell,
I seek thee near and far,
From star to wandering star,
Free with the dead that in Amenti dwell.
I search the height, the deep, the lands, the skies,
Rise from the dead and live, our Lord Osiris, rise."

"Softly we tread, our measured footsteps falling
Within the Sanctuary Sevenfold;
Soft on the Dead that liveth are we calling:
'Return, Osiris, from thy Kingdom cold!
Return to them that worship thee of old.'"

Then in a strain more high and glad the singer sang—

"He wakes!—from forth the prison
We sing Osiris risen,
We sing the child that Nout conceived and bare.
Thine own love, Isis, waits
The Warden of the Gates,
She breathes the breath of Life on breast and hair,
And in her breast and breath
Behold! he wakeneth,
Behold! at length he riseth out of rest;
Touched with her holy hands,
The Lord of all the Lands
He stirs, he rises from her breath, her breast!
But thou, fell Typhon, fly,
The judgment day drawn nigh,
Fleet on thy track as flame speeds Horus from the sky.
Softly we tread, our measured footsteps falling
Within the Sanctuary Sevenfold;
Soft on the Dead that liveth are we calling:
'Return Osiris from thy Kingdom cold!
Return to them that worship thee of old.'"

Once more, as we bowed before the Holy, she sang, and sent the full breath of her glad music ringing up the everlasting walls till the silence quivered with her round notes of melody, and the hearts of those who harkened stirred strangely in the breast. And thus, as we walked, she sang the song of Osiris risen, the song of Hope, the song of Victory:—

"Sing we the Trinity,
Sing we the Holy Three,
Sing we, and praise we and worship the Throne,
Throne that our Lord hath set—
There peace and truth are met
There in the Halls of the Holy alone!
There in the shadowings
Faint of the folded wings,
There shall we dwell and rejoice in our rest,
We that thy servants are!
Horus drive ill afar!
Far in the folds of the dark of the West!"

Once more, as her notes died away, thundered forth the chorus of all the voices, and then the chanting ceased, and as the sun sank the High Priest raised the statue of the living God and held it before the multitude that was now gathered in the court of the Temple. Thereon, with a mighty and joyful shout of "Osiris! our hope! Osiris! Osiris!" the people tore the black wrappings from their dress, revealing the white robes they wore beneath, and, as one man, they bowed before the God, and the feast was ended.

But for me the ceremony was only begun, for to-night was the night of my initiation. Leaving the inner court I bathed myself, and, clad in pure linen, passed, as it is ordained, into an inner, but not the inmost, sanctuary, and laid the accustomed offerings on the altar. Then lifting up my hands to heaven, I remained for many hours in contemplation, striving, by holy thoughts and prayer, to gather up my strength against the mighty moment of my trial.

Slowly the hours sped in the silence of the Temple, till at length the door opened and my father, Amenemhat, the High Priest, came in, clad in white and leading by the hand the Priest of Isis. For himself, having been married, he did not enter into the mysteries of the Holy Mother.

I rose to my feet and stood humbly before the twain.

"Art thou ready?" said the Priest, lifting the lamp he held so that its light fell upon my face. "Art thou ready, O thou chosen one, even to see the glory of the Goddess face to face?"

"I am ready," I answered.

"Bethink thee," he said again, in solemn tones, "this is

no small thing. If thou wilt carry out this thy last desire, understand, O Royal Harmachis, that now this very night must thou for a while die in the flesh, what time thy soul shall look on the spiritual things. And if thou diest and there shall be any evil thing found within thy heart, when thou comest at last into that awful presence, woe unto thee, Harmachis, for the breath of life shall no more enter in at the gateway of thy mouth. Utterly shalt thou perish as to thy body, and what shall befall thy other parts, if I know I may not say.* Art thou, therefore, pure and free from the thought of sin? Art thou prepared to be gathered to the breast of Her who was and is and shall be, and in all things to do Her holy will; for Her, while she shall so command, to put away the thought of earthly woman; and to labour always for Her glory till at the end thy life is absorbed in Her eternal life?"

"I am," I answered, "lead on."

"It is well," said the Priest. "Noble Amenemhat, we go hence alone."

"Farewell, my son," said my father, "be firm and triumph over the things spiritual as thou shalt triumph over the things earthly. He who would truly rule the world must first be lifted up above the world. He must be at one with God, for thus only shall he learn the secrets of the Divine. But beware! The Gods demand much of those who dare to enter the circle of their Divinity. If they go back therefrom, they shall be judged of a sharper law, and be scourged with a heavier rod. As their glory is, so shall their shame be; for it is no light thing, having cast off thy mortal garb, to soil the raiment of the Spirit in fleshly mire. Therefore, make thy heart strong, O Royal Harmachis! And when thou speedest down the ways of Night and enterest the Holy Presence, remember that from him to whom great gifts have been given shall gifts be required again. And now—if, indeed, thy heart be fixed—go whither it is not as yet given to me to follow thee. Farewell!"

For a moment, as my heart weighed these heavy words, I wavered, as well I might. But I was filled with longing to be gathered to the company of the Divine ones, and I knew that I had no evil in me, and desired to do only the thing that is just. Therefore, having with so much labour drawn the bow-string to my ear, I was fain to let fly the shaft. "Lead on," I cried with a loud voice; "lead on, O holy Priest! I follow thee!"

And we went forth.

* According to the Egyptian religion the being man is composed of four parts: the body, the double or astral shape (*ka*), the soul (*bi*), and the spark of life sprung from the Godhead (*khou*).—ED.

(To be continued.)

LONDON FOGS.

At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society, the president, Dr. W. Marcey, read a paper on "Fogs," whose varieties and peculiarities he illustrated by means of an interesting series of lantern-slides. Fog and clouds, he said, were one and the same thing. A cloud was a fog when entered into, and a fog seen from a distance, suspended in the air, became a cloud. The various sorts of fog were then described and accounted for—river, sea, Newfoundland, radiation, and other varieties. Coming to fogs in town, the lecturer said that Dr. Tyndall had accounted for London fogs by assuming each particle of condensed vapour to be covered by coal smoke. These fogs usually accompanied a high barometer, and were frequently dry in their character. It was a well-known fact in meteorology that cold air on the top of hills, being heavier than the air below, slid down the slopes, so that the lower parts of hill-sides were actually colder than the plains at some distance from the hills. Now, London, in the Thames valley, was surrounded by hills—north, west, and south. The air was colder on those hills than in London with its millions of inhabitants, its coal fires and factories; hence it was heavier, and would have a great tendency to slide down the hills towards the town and the river. Should the air in town be on the point of saturation, and the cold air from above saturated with vapour, it was obvious that the increased cold from above would cause a precipitation of moisture, and it would come to pass that a fog was produced. If the hill-tops were not only colder than the air below, but enveloped in a fog, it stood to reason that the fog below would be all the denser, and especially in the neighbourhood of water, such as the River Thames and the ornamental waters in the parks.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN FEBRUARY, 1889.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Mercury during the evening hours of the 1st; the planet is situated to the right of the Moon. The Moon sets at 6h 13m p.m., and the planet 20 minutes later. She is near Mars during the evening of the 2nd, the planet being to the left of the Moon. The planet sets at 8h 4m p.m., and the Moon at 7h 29m p.m. She is very near Venus during the evening hours of the 3rd. She is near Saturn during the night hours of the 14th and morning hours of the 15th, being to the right of the planet till after midnight; the nearest approach will be about 1h a.m. of the 15th, and after this time the planet will be to the right of the Moon. She is near Jupiter on the morning of the 25th, the Moon rising at 4h 8m a.m.; the planet will be to the right of the Moon; and she will be near Mercury, a second time this month, on the 28th. The Moon sets on this day at 3h 47m p.m. Her phases or times of change are:—

First Quarter on the 7th at 58 minutes after 8h in the afternoon.

Full Moon " 15th " 17 " 10 " afternoon.

Last Quarter " 22nd " 55 " 11 " afternoon.

She is most distant from the Earth on the 9th, and nearest to it on the 24th.

Mercury sets on the 1st at 6h 33m p.m., or 1h 46m after sunset; on the 5th at 6h 32m p.m., or 1h 38m after the Sun; on the 11th at 6h 0m p.m., or 55 minutes after the Sun; on the 12th at 5h 48m p.m., or 41 minutes after sunset; on the 14th at 5h 25m p.m., or 14 minutes after sunset; on the 15th at 5h 13m p.m., or about the same time as the Sun sets. He rises on the 17th at 6h 37m a.m., or 35 minutes before sunrise; on the 22nd at 6h 12m a.m., or 51 minutes before sunrise; and on the 27th at 5h 56m a.m., or 56 minutes before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 1st, in perihelion on the 2nd, in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 15th, and near the Moon again on the 28th.

Venus is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 9h 10m p.m., on the 11th at 9h 34m p.m., on the 21st at 9h 57m p.m., and on the 28th at 10h 8m p.m. She is near the Moon on the 3rd, and at her greatest eastern elongation (46 deg. 35 min.) on the 18th.

Mars is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 8h 4m p.m., on the 11th at 8h 10m p.m., on the 21st at 8h 16m p.m., and on the 28th at 8h 17m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 2nd.

Jupiter rises on the 1st at 6h 13m a.m., or 2h 28m before sunrise; on the 21st at 4h 43m a.m., or 2h 41m before sunrise; on the 28th at 3h 48m a.m., or 2h 54m before the Sun; and on the 28th at 3h 48m a.m., or 3h 2m before sunrise. He is near the Moon on the 25th.

Saturn rises on the 1st at 4h 58m p.m., or 11 minutes after sunset; on the 3rd about the same time as the Sun sets; and after this he rises in daylight till the beginning of August. He souths on the 1st at half an hour after midnight, on the 8th at about midnight, on the 15th at 11h 30m p.m., and on the last day at 10h 36m p.m. He sets on the 12th at 7h 22m a.m., or about the same time as the Sun rises; on the 13th at 7h 18m a.m., or 2 minutes before sunrise; on the 21st at 6h 45m a.m., or 20 minutes before sunrise; and on the 28th at 6h 17m a.m., or 33 minutes before sunrise. He is in opposition to the Sun on the 5th, and near the Moon on the 15th.

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DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

In silence we passed into the Shrine of Isis.

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

NOVELS.

The Old Adam: A Tale of an Army Crammer. By Hugh Davidson. Three vols. (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington).—The rattling briskness and liveliness of this story, and the invention of a fresh topic of interest among present social conditions, which is found in the position of the Rev. Dr. Copingstone with his lucrative private establishment for preparing young gentlemen to pass the Civil Service Examinations, will secure to this novel a fair share of attention. It abounds in bustling incidents, and some of the characters are very attractive, while others are very amusing. The village of Puddleton, where the Doctor, who is also Rector of the parish, keeps a staff of resident tutors and receives a large number of sons of aristocratic or wealthy families, each paying at least £200 a year, is a little world in itself, looking up to the Doctor as its local great man. A keen man of business, shrewd, alert, and masterful, with imposing and engaging manners, he is rapidly making a fortune out of his pupils, while leaving the services of his church to a faithful and zealous curate, the Rev. Leonard Sterne, who is also the senior assistant-master of the school. All this is cleverly described, with the indulgence and license permitted to idle youths for the sake of their influential connections, and the tricks occasionally practised to get them ready for the official ordeal of knowledge in London. One trick, which has in certain instances been actually exposed, is that of surreptitiously getting hold beforehand of the examiners' printed papers, with a view to cramming favourite pupils with the answers to particular questions. The tutor who contrives to do this, Mr. Valentine Gaunt, professor of French and English literature, is not a University man, but a dishonest adventurer with forged credentials; he was formerly an actor, and works his roguery through the agency of M. Dubarri or Dubois, a French teacher of theatrical elocution in London. In the meantime, Dr. Copingstone, amidst much outward prosperity, has secret family troubles. He is an elderly widower; his only son, Arnold, choosing to go upon the stage, quarrelling with his father, and resolving to be independent, comes to London instead of going to Oxford, takes lessons of M. Dubarri, fails at the theatres, and suffers real inconveniences from poverty, still hiding his abode and pursuits from the knowledge of his friends. The Doctor is greatly distressed; but fearing a social scandal, and the loss of his pupils, if it were known that his own son had turned out so badly, pretends that he is at Oxford. But though no college is mentioned, we do not think it would ever be possible to maintain such a deception for several terms and vacations. Another difficult and painful subject of concealment is that relating to the Doctor's marriage, or two marriages, in early life, and to the birth of Nellie Copingstone, the sweet young lady of the Rectory. There are deficient records in the blank page of the family Bible, which provoke her alarm; and Mr. Sterne, who is Nellie's kind friend and helper in different perplexities, happens to become aware of suspicious circumstances, which he thinks may be the means of Valentine Gaunt obtaining an odious and fatal control over her perplexed father's mind. Valentine Gaunt is actually intriguing, not only to get the management and a large permanent share of the profits of the school, but to force himself on Nellie for her husband, that he may hereafter possess the Doctor's money. In order to defeat these machinations, as the Doctor will tell him nothing, Mr. Sterne privately commences a series of researches, not in our judgment altogether worthy of honourable and candid friendship. He discovers one register of marriage at Birmingham, and another at Hastings, in which the Rev. C. C. Copingstone is inscribed as the bridegroom; the dates are very puzzling, as well as the names of the brides; and there is doubt about the real ages of Arnold and Nellie, leading to the deplorable opinion that this respectable clergyman has been guilty of serious misconduct above twenty years ago. This is the supposed "Old Adam," infesting his decorous and prosperous later life. Why has he got his name struck out of the "Clerical Directory"? And what of that old portrait, seemingly of the same man in his younger days, which lurks with its face to the wall behind a more recent likeness of the Doctor in his private study? Worst of all, when Mr. Sterne finds Arnold in London with M. Dubarri, he learns that the Frenchman cherishes an old remembrance of grievous injury done to him by a "Reverend Copingstone," who once ran away with a lady, M. Dubarri's intended wife. These circumstances being already known to Mr. Valentine Gaunt, the artful villain of the story, he has used them, as Sterne thought he did, to put the Doctor's reputation at his mercy, and to push his covetous demands. Yet there is a less desperate solution of the perplexity in reserve before the end of the tale. After the recovery of the lost son, who chivalrously but imprudently marries the runaway daughter of the Puddleton attorney, misled by further tricks of Valentine Gaunt, the mystery of Nellie's parentage is cleared. The Rev. Cyprian Claude Copingstone and the Rev. Claude Cyprian Coplestone were two brothers, who married two different ladies. Nellie is not the Doctor's child but his niece, whom he adopted in her infancy, and her father has long been dead. Moreover, it was neither of those two reverend gentlemen, but it was Valentine Gaunt himself, who did the wrongful act of which M. Dubarri complains; and the lady in question reappears as the rich widow of a London tradesman. So the taint of the "Old Adam" is finally dispelled; Nelly marries her true lover, Philip Strathclyde, and the dwellers at Puddleton abide in peace. The author seems not to be perfectly acquainted with one or two ordinary matters; a parish register would contain the full names of the persons, not their initials; Arnold would not be detained at a London police-station without a precise charge against him; and, there is, to Londoners, some incredibility in tracing an obscure customer's abode by inquiry at a distant shop where some article may possibly have been bought. These slight blemishes, however, do not impair the substantial merits of a clever and agreeable story.

The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane. By Frank Barrett. Three vols. (Cassell and Co.).—As a genuine old-fashioned romance, of the times when the world might seem to be "made of fighting and of love," according to the ancient sage philosopher in "Hudibras," this is a capital story of its kind. Its ingredients are of a nature somewhat between Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and Mr. Rider Haggard's tales of perilous adventure in the wilderness; but the local colour and the characteristics of scenery, of race and class, and of the historical period, bear more resemblance to what we remember of Amyas Leigh's experiences on the Spanish American coast. The supposed date, in the reign of James I., was when English private maritime expeditions still carried on frequent irregular conflicts, by sea and land, with the Spaniards and Portuguese along the shores of the South Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico; and Sir Bartlemy Pengilly, an elderly gentleman of Cornwall, who had been a companion of Sir Walter Raleigh, is one of those who again and again sought the reputed El Dorado far up the great river Oronoco. It is his nephew, Benet Pengilly, whose plain, straightforward narrative, told with an effective air of simplicity and modesty, fills the three volumes, much to the reader's entertainment, in describing a great variety of dangerous situations, desperate efforts, and fortunate escapes. These are shared by

his beautiful, brave, and amiable cousin, Lady Betty Fane, whose previously betrothed lover, Sir Harry Smidmore, having been left alone by a mutinous crew on a desert island, she, being a rich young heiress, equips two vessels and sails with Sir Bartlemy to the rescue of that unlucky gentleman, while Benet Pengilly, already being acquainted with the coast, is one of the party. The two ships are parted by a storm, and one of them is captured by a Portuguese pirate, the villain Rodrigues, who carries off Lady Betty as his prisoner, intending to force her to a hideous marriage. But the faithful Benet Pengilly, hopelessly in love with his cousin, though she has scornfully rejected him on account of his wild and vicious behaviour and shameful disgrace at home, gets secretly on board the pirate's ship, guards her from outrage, and contrives her escape with him on the shore of Venezuela. His account of their wanderings in that strange land, of the perfidy and cruelty of the "Portugals," and the barbarous hostility of savage tribes on the coast, his incarceration in a tower, his deliverance by an Englishman, a Cornishman, named Matthew Pennyfarden, his recovery of the captive lady, their long and toilsome journey through pathless forests, over steep mountains, amidst rocks and cliffs, lakes and torrents, and sometimes pursued by their foes, till by the aid of a friendly nation of "Incas" they reach some river flowing into the Oronoco, and descend its course hundreds of leagues in a canoe, will be perused with unfailing interest. Lady Betty is an admirable woman indeed; with the sweetness, purity, and refinement of her sex and home education, she has the courage of a man, enduring manifold hardships and perils, becoming skilful in woodcraft, in hunting and fishing, and in paddling the canoe, as well as in cooking and other feminine arts, while her kindness and gentleness win the favour of the poor native folk. Several months are thus spent by this attached pair of cousins, who treat each other with respectful affection as no more than brother and sister, and whose frank mutual friendship is delicately portrayed. Arriving finally at the mouth of the Oronoco, they are happily met by Sir Bartlemy, who has punished Rodrigues; and the information obtained with regard to Sir Harry Smidmore permits Lady Betty to reward her cousin Benet with the gift of her heart and hand.

A Dangerous Cat's Paw. By David Christie Murray and Henry Murray. One vol. (Longmans).—The dramatic unities of time, place, and interest of plot are not often so nearly observed by a novelist as in this story; for, though its scene of action is divided between London and a country-house in a neighbouring part of Kent, the events related pass in a very few days. The moral interest, such as it is, belongs to the sudden temptation of Mr. Wyncott Esden; his perpetration of a felony; and then his shame, fear, and agony, which arise rather from finding himself in the power of so vile an habitual criminal as Reuben Gale, than from true remorse of conscience or from a just sense of honour. He is a gentleman of good family, of education and ability, and of agreeable manners, a barrister practising in the Central Criminal Court. One of his Old Bailey clients, this Reuben Gale, a tool-maker in Holborn, who is also a burglar and dealer in stolen property, makes the barrister a fatal present, to show his gratitude: it is a peculiar sort of crowbar, sheathed with leather for noiseless working, and which may be unscrewed for carrying it in several pieces in the pocket. Mr. Esden foolishly accepts this curious gift, knowing it to be a burglar's implement, and idly tries its effect on his bed-room door at his chambers in the Temple. He is sorely pressed for money, has a bill to take up lest one of his friends be ruined, can borrow nowhere, and cannot ask his family to assist him any more. But his aunt, Mrs. Wyncott, though denying him further aid of her purse, invites him to a staying visit. There is another guest, Miss Pharr, a great heiress, whose fortune Mrs. Wyncott would like her nephew to obtain by marriage. Neither he nor the young lady are so inclined; Esden has had an intrigue with a girl named Mary Grainger, who is now Miss Pharr's maid, and is there with her. Miss Pharr possesses a valuable heirloom, jewels worth £30,000 or £40,000. One day, when Esden is supposed to be in London, he returns to the house unexpectedly; they are all out on the lawn; he enters and meets nobody. He knows that the jewels are in a locked cupboard in Miss Pharr's room. By a mere accident, he has the crowbar in his travelling-bag; he wrenches open the cupboard door, and runs away with the jewels. Mary Grainger only sees him, and faints away. His intention is to persuade Miss Pharr and her friends to advertise a reward of £1000 for the restoration of the stolen articles. We do not appreciate the casuistry which makes this guilt less than that of entirely appropriating them. Esden, indeed, fancies that he will some day be enabled to repay the £1000 anonymously, and that it will be only a forced loan. But a keen eye watches his movements, that of Mr. Prickett, the Metropolitan Police Detective, whose artful ways, habits, and talents are very well portrayed. This acute and vigilant officer, being called in about the jewel robbery, finds a part of the crowbar, knows it to be the workmanship of Reuben Gale, discovers Esden's private communication with Gale, puts certain facts together, and obtains convincing proof of Esden's criminal act. Gale, in the meantime, steals the jewels from Esden's chambers, and refuses to give them up, so that Esden cannot restore them to Miss Pharr, who readily pays the proposed reward, half of it being claimed by Gale. The whole robbery is quickly exposed; and Esden, a most unhappy "criminal barrister" in more senses than one, is pardoned on condition of his going to Australia, while Gale is accidentally killed. Mary Grainger's speechless condition, and her wild attempt, when she recovers, to warn and save the faithless and heartless man by whom she has been deeply injured, are truly pathetic. The constructive skill evinced in this story must be pronounced far superior to that exercised in most English novels of the present day; it is almost equal to that of popular French writers like Daudet.

The Board of Trade have awarded their silver and bronze medals for gallantry in saving life at sea to Henry Smith, chief boatman of Coastguard, and Henry Norton, Coastguard boatman at Gorleston, respectively, for their gallant and praiseworthy services in saving three of the crew of the life-boat Refuge, which capsized near the entrance to Yarmouth Harbour on Nov. 10, 1888. The Refuge, a volunteer life and salvage boat, while alongside the steamship Akaba rendering assistance, was dashed against the steamer's side and had her rudder carried away. She was then taken in tow by a tug and towed towards Yarmouth Harbour, but when just outside the entrance to the harbour the tow-line broke. While attempts were being made to beach the boat, she shipped some heavy seas and capsized, and four of the seven men who were on board were drowned. On seeing the men struggling in the water, Henry Smith rushed into the sea up to his armpits, and, at the risk of his own life, dragged one of the men ashore. He again went into the water, and was towing a second man ashore when another member of the crew caught hold of his thigh and pulled him off his feet. Smith, however, succeeded in kicking himself clear and in bringing the second man safely ashore. The third man was gallantly rescued by Norton.

COMPENSATION.

Some people have indulged in the pleasant theory that the lot of man is far less variable than it appears, and that if happiness be our being's end and aim, the noble savage is likely to have as much of it as the civilised monarch. Allowing for a moment that happiness is the chief end of life, it may be granted that there is something to be said in favour of this notion. The more acutely a man feels, the more he suffers; and, on the other hand, men who, like the savage, are satisfied with a healthy animal existence, find a considerable share of enjoyment in eating, drinking, and sleeping. Sancho Panza was a far jollier man than Don Quixote; and the ploughboy whistling as he goes "for want of thought" is, in these unhappy days of farming, likely to have an easier time of it than his master. So for that matter have his master's pigs, who grunt and grow fat without a thought of their latter end.

Longfellow tells us of a poor hard-working woman who thought of heaven as a place where she might sit all day in a clean white apron and sing psalms; and the man whose aspirations are centred on the public-house and the measure of a quart pot will not thank you for offering him a more refined enjoyment. *Chacun à son goût*; but there is something wholly despicable in attempting a comparison between the intense delight of a man who is "lord of himself, if not of lands," and whose heart and intellect are fully alive and active, and the man whose "greatest use and market of his time is but to eat and sleep." In the one case there is an intensity of life that doubtless brings pain with it as well as joy; in the other, there is the stagnation of death.

It must be admitted, then, that in almost everything that makes this earthly life worth having, the lot of man is strikingly unequal. There is no such thing as equality in the family, just as there can be none in the State. Of two brothers, for example, one may be endowed with a splendid physique, with large powers of acquisition, with an administrative capacity that fits him for a high position; while the other may have a body that proves a constant torment, and a spirit, nervous and retiring, that shuts him, like a snail, within its shell. The success of the one man makes him strong; the failure of the other makes him daily conscious of his weakness, and, so far as outward condition is concerned, it is impossible that these brothers should enjoy an equal amount of happiness.

Look below the surface, however, and you will find that if it be vain to seek for equality, the difference is not so wide as it appears to be. The hardest lot of life has its compensations. The joys of health are inestimable; but the man who has never had a day's illness does not appreciate them like the "wretch," as Gray calls him, who regains his vigour after long suffering on a bed of pain—

The mearest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common earth, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

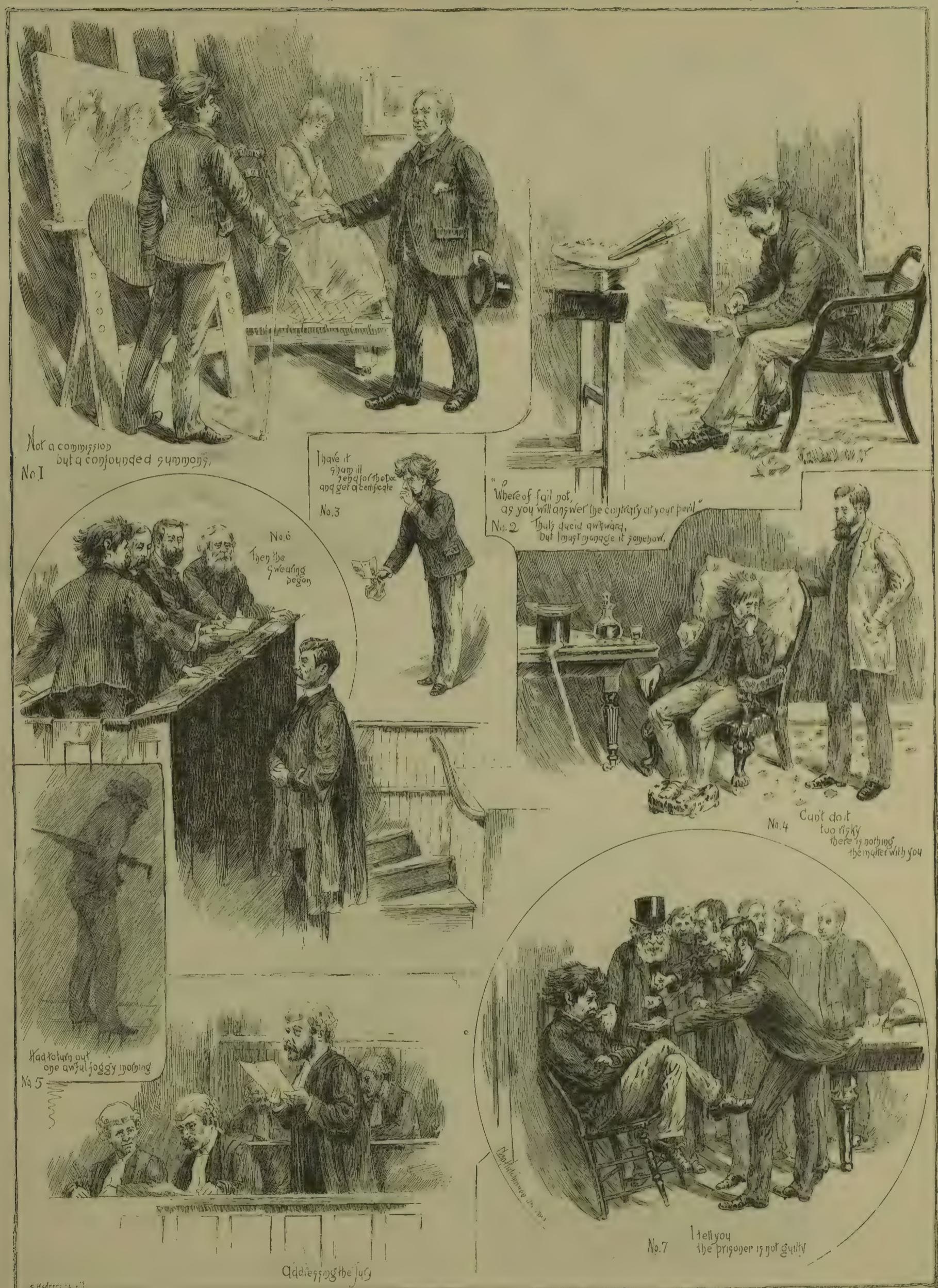
Bad health, physical infirmity, or unfortunate circumstances have served, in many cases, to brace a man's courage for some signal enterprise. It was in blindness and solitude that Milton sought for the light that "shines inward," so that he might see and tell of things invisible to mortal sight; it was in prison that Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote," and that Bunyan wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress"; it was in exile that Clarendon wrote his "History"; it was poverty that made a famous novelist of Fielding; it was in the obscurity and loneliness of a wounded spirit that Cowper wrote the verse that has made him immortal, "He would not have found the way to fame unless he had missed the way to fortune." Neither wounds nor bodily weakness lessened—indeed, they seemed to stimulate—the heroic courage of Nelson; and Dr. Johnson, who, owing to the direst poverty, the darkest melancholy, the strangest eccentricities, was weighted terribly in the race of life, fought his hard battle nobly, and reached the goal in triumph. Probably the men who have taught the world most are the men who have suffered the most severely. It has certainly been so with the poets. They "learn in suffering what they teach in song"; and a sorrowing poet will at least have some compensation for his pain if he knows, or thinks he knows, that his song will be dear to the world's heart. If he is poor, fame is not so good as bread and meat and wine; but it may take the place of pudding and dessert.

Compensation is a law of Nature. When one sense is lost the others become more acute. People deprived of their hands have been known to write with their toes; short-sighted persons, when old, can read the smallest print without spectacles; and blind men have not only been travellers, but have done good work as engineers. The splendid birds of tropical climates dazzle the eye with their beauty, but not one of them can sing like an English thrush; and the inhabitants of land's least favoured by Nature suffer from home-sickness if carried to the warmth and luxuriance of the South. When Nature is too lavish of her gifts, men are luxurious and slothful; when, as in England, she sends gloomy skies and biting east winds and black fogs that smother the sun, they are roused to exertion and learn to fight against fortune. Again and again you may hear men acknowledging that they never knew of what they were capable until forced to put forth all their powers. When Lord Eldon came up to London as plain John Scott to study law, he was a married man with an empty pocket. He had everything against him save his indomitable courage, but that was sufficient compensation; and, though he starved for years, he won his way at last and reached the summit of his profession.

There is compensation even in our cares. A big grief drives out a smaller one, and if our house is burnt down we cease to fret about its smoky chimneys. An extravagant or careless wife is an irritation to a thrifty husband; yet let her be seriously ill and all her faults are forgotten. It is not pleasant to have one's self-estimate depreciated, and a slight may be as painful as a wound; but a sharp attack of gout sweeps away the lesser evil.

There is, indeed, scarcely any lot in life that has not its compensations. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, and, on the contrary, the sleep of a labouring man is sweet. No one who is not a fool envies the cares of Royalty, and yet the fulness and variety of a monarch's life are no slight compensation for its anxieties. A statesman, now-a-days, does not know what peace is, and probably he does not care to know. Like a war-horse, he scents the battle afar off, "the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." Nobody wishes to be poor, and yet the poor man escapes from a thousand worries and obligations that the claims of society exact from his richer neighbour. He has not to go to dinner parties, or to give them; he is not pestered with unreasonable demands upon his purse, the tax-gatherer passes him by, he does not suffer from the plague of servants, and is in no danger of lending money on bad securities. People talk and poets sing of the joys of youth, and they are right to do so. Nevertheless, age has its compensations and youth its peculiar burdens. The young girl may wait in vain for a lover and husband; the young man may strive for success and fail. In youth disappointments are keenly felt and sorrow is an intruder; but age takes its regrets calmly and grows on friendly terms with grief.

J. D.





SKETCHES OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTION.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

The winter exhibition of this year follows very much on the lines of its predecessor, and aims at giving a comprehensive view of the century of British art which closes with the death of William IV. Whether all the works exhibited were painted before her present Majesty ascended the throne, we take leave to doubt; but there is no need to make a grievance of such a point. Sir Coutts Lindsay has been generously supported by a number of possessors of English pictures, and he has in M. Deschamps a skilful assistant who knows well how to make the best of the materials provided. Not the least interesting feature of the present exhibition is the introduction of artists who are either little known or clean forgotten by the ordinary frequenters of picture shows. George Dawe, Nathaniel Hone, John Russell, the Rev. M. W. Peters, although all of them full Academicians, are merely names to the majority of us; whilst Richard Cobbold, Thomas Sword Good, William Kidd, George Knpton, John Partridge, Edward Bristow, and others, have rarely, even at Burlington House, been seen, and certainly not to their advantage.

Before, however, passing to the lesser lights of the Art firmament we must pause and take stock of the greater painters, whose industry and fecundity seems as inexhaustible as our exhibitions. Of the specimens of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Opie, Romney, Morland, and others, very few have before been before a London public in the course of the last twenty years, and they are consequently for the most part entire novelties to most of us. To take them in the order here given, we may say at once that Reynolds is not very strongly represented, except in number. Of his fourteen different works two or three are quite faded in colour, and as many more show the effect of those curious experiments in pigments he was so fond of making. This is especially the case with the portrait of Lady Skipwith (14), in a white muslin dress, which has lost all its texture and delicacy of colouring. Decay, happily, has not made quite so much progress with the portrait of Lady Elizabeth Keppel (3), although painted nearly thirty years earlier. She was one of Reynolds's favourite sitters—the daughter of his first patron, Lord Albemarle—and had been chosen, for her beauty, to be one of the bridesmaids of the Queen and train-bearer at her Coronation. There was a companion picture to this of her sister, Lady Caroline Keppel, also dressed in white muslin, with no other ornament than a single rose—as in this picture, which was painted in 1758. This companion picture was painted two years later, and was one of the chief attractions of Quiddisham Hall, and is interesting as having been one of four works by which Reynolds was represented at the first Exhibition of the Royal Academy, held in the Arts Society's Room in the Strand in 1760. Lady Elizabeth Keppel married the Marquis of Tavistock, who was killed out hunting in March, 1767, and his widow, who never recovered from the shock, died at Lisbon in the following November, in her twenty-ninth year. The portrait of her brother, Admiral Keppel (40), is not remarkable in any way except as a specimen of Reynolds's smaller sized works, and it is altogether overshadowed by the full-length portraits he painted of this distinguished officer. A little further down the gallery, and well deserving of the post of honour, is Reynolds's well-known portrait of Lawrence Sterne (65), a seated figure with his head resting on his hand. The picture was painted at the moment when Sterne's fame was at its highest. He had published the two first volumes of "Tristram Shandy," and was now—in 1760—in London to see another portion of his book through the press. It will be noticed that his wig, which was always one of Sterne's sources of trouble, is shifted to one side, and gives a very Shandean air to the wearer. Sterne, in one of his letters, says that Reynolds would not accept payment for this picture, which was painted for Lord Ossory: but whether the latter was any gainer by the artist's liberality is not equally clear, Sterne's money-dealings being somewhat tortuous. The portraits of Lord (95) and Lady (46) Dartmouth also belong to Reynolds's early period, having been painted in 1757, and are said to be amongst the most rapidly painted of all his works. In view of the high esteem in which Reynolds is held in these days it may be interesting to quote the opinion of a contemporary, who certainly had no rivalry with the painter in the domain of art. "Reynolds," he writes, "has been for many years placed at the head of the professors of the art of painting in this country; but it has been the subject of strenuous contention between his adversaries and his admirers whether he is most indebted for this circumstance to intrigue or to merit. The late Doctor Goldsmith inserted a very beautiful panegyric upon his moral character in his poem of 'Retaliation'; and this, if justly founded, is the more admirable, as the professors of his art appear to be exposed in a greater degree to the insinuations of jealousy than almost any other description of persons in society."

Gainsborough is not quite so numerously represented as his great rival, but there is more variety in the specimens. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more delightful work than "The Mall in Hyde Park" (4), painted at a time when trees retained their greenness and London parks were frequented by the few, not by the many. The rendering of the foliage in the light through the long avenue of trees may, perhaps, be studies made from the painter's own window when he was living in Schomberg House, of which the garden reached down to the Mall. In looking at this picture of life in London as it then was, one almost regrets the progress of time: life looks so easy and the dresses are so fanciful that we seem hundreds of years and miles removed from the busy, bustling, prosaic ways of the present day. The portrait of an unknown lady (42), in a low blue bodice, is very charming, but not very striking in either pose or expression; but the full-length portrait of Earl Howe (70), the hero of the "Glorious First of June," is one of Gainsborough's most dashing works, although wanting in some of the finer qualities which distinguished some of his other works. The naval uniform is a little too stiff and sharply cut to lend itself easily to pictorial treatment; and it required Reynolds's imaginative power to produce a *chef-d'œuvre* like Lord Illeathfield, in which one forgets the uniform in the man. Here, however, it is the uniform which absorbs the attention at first sight, and one has some difficulty in getting at the face. Lady Suffolk (106) as a child, winding a shuttle, is very winsome and graceful; but again the comparison with Reynolds is challenged, to the disadvantage of Gainsborough: but, on the other hand, the portrait of Mrs. Fane (86) shows to what a height he could rise when he had a graceful woman for a model. George Morland is another artist who is numerously represented on the present occasion, no less than twelve of his works being brought together, illustrative of various phases of his art and powers. "The Lost Kite" (1) is a group of youths recovering a kite which has got entangled in some trees, and serves to make a brilliant arrangement of colour; "A Happy Family" (87) is another instance of Morland's skill in grouping and colouring; whilst in "The Carrier's Stable" (63) we have some excellent horses in his softest tones. The usual stories which this real lover of creature and country life occasionally depicted are here represented by "The Surprise" (55) and the

"Billet-Doux" (56), in both of which the feeling intended to be conveyed is somewhat conventionally expressive.

The honours of the first gallery are, however, about equally divided between Constable and Sir David Wilkie, the latter especially showing to wonderful advantage in the two pictures lent by the Queen, "Blindman's Buff" (45) and "The Penny Wedding" (47). The former was more than once selected as a subject by Wilkie, but we doubt if even the picture in the National Gallery has the freshness and delicacy displayed in this rendering. Its absolute simplicity of motive is not its least charm. Everyone, young or old, is busy about the game; and even the two lovers, who take advantage of it to snatch a hasty kiss, are occupied, first and last, with the fun of the evening. It is almost a libel upon poor simple Wilkie for the editor of the otherwise excellent catalogue to say, with reference to this picture, "The game is taken advantage of to forward the ulterior aims of the various performers." On the contrary, we should be inclined to say that all the detached groups find their rallying point in the blinded man. The same purity of thought distinguishes "The Penny Wedding"; and it is by contrasting these two works of Wilkie's prime with his early "Study of Van Ostade" (79) that we see how essentially different is the spirit of Scotch and Dutch humour. Constable's great work, "The Lock" (85), is a worthy pendant to the "Dedham Mill," exhibited at Burlington House, treating as they do of almost the same spot, looked at from different points. In freshness and brilliancy, "The Lock," we think, carries away the palm; and it is not surprising that, breaking upon the lifeless classicism of French art of the day, this touch of real nature produced an enthusiasm in Paris far greater than it at first met with in this country. On the walls around we have specimens of the work of Richard Wilson and Bonington, both of whom were appreciated sooner by our neighbours than by ourselves; and we can gather from a study of their works—and others of Constable, such as "Gillingham Mill" (64) and "Yarmouth Jetty" (37)—the enormous debt modern art lies under to a man who could reveal Nature as she was. In the Fifth Room of the Exhibition there is a collection of sketches and studies by Constable, belonging to various members of his family; the greater portion being lent by the executors of his last surviving daughter, Miss Isabella Constable. These works show with what affection Constable attached himself to certain spots, working at them until he had obtained every conceivable effect of light and cloud. Dedham Mill, Flatford Lock, Salisbury Cathedral, and Hampstead Heath were among his happiest hunting grounds, and the walls of these little rooms, which should in no case be neglected, bear witness to his constant endeavours to lift the veil from the face of Nature and to catch her most fleeting moods.

On another occasion we shall return to the other works of the present exhibition, which sustains Sir Coutts Lindsay's reputation for a caterer of the best class of public enjoyment.

NEW BOOKS.

Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington, 1831 to 1851. By Philip Henry, fifth Earl Stanhope (Murray).—The great soldier and great Englishman who finally drove Napoleon out of Europe, after driving the French out of Spain, lived at home in peace from 1815 to 1851, occasionally called to a share of Conservative statesmanship in high Ministerial offices, frequently consulted on politics, and constantly looking after the details of military administration. He was sixty-two years of age when Lord Mahon, afterwards the late Earl Stanhope, an accomplished student and author of good works concerning modern political history, began to take notes of the Duke's private conversations. The present Earl Stanhope, in publishing them just as his father left them, appending some references to such books as the Croker and Greville Memoirs, and Napier's "Peninsular War," has made an acceptable contribution, but not an important one, to our acquaintance with an eminent subject of English biography. Wellington liked talking of the persons he had met and dealt with, and his talk was always characterised by strong good-sense, fairness, and frankness; but the bent of his mind was to regard individualities and the immediate position of circumstances, rather than to frame general maxims or to discover new principles applicable to a different situation of affairs. It is, perhaps, rather interesting to know his private opinion of King Louis Philippe and of Talleyrand, in which most Englishmen of that period would have agreed; how he got on with Castlereagh, and afterwards with Canning and with Peel; but the political history of his times is sufficiently understood. The Duke seems to have been most at home in the personal reminiscences of his campaigns in Spain and Portugal and that of Waterloo. He was inclined, however, to talk less of battles than of the characters and behaviour of foreign commanders with whom he had to act in co-operation, or with whom he incidentally conducted some occasional negotiations. Of Napoleon he used to say that his military genius was equal in value, at the head of a French attacking army, to forty thousand soldiers; but that he wanted patience, he attacked rashly and recklessly when he should have manoeuvred, and he was unfit for a defensive campaign. The Duke did not think highly of any of Napoleon's Generals except Massena, and he considered that the French Revolution had produced no man of first rate ability, either as a political or a military leader. Napoleon's army at Waterloo was in quality the finest he ever had, while the Duke's was one of the worst. Indeed, the Duke seemed to have regarded the French army, in general, as composed of superior material to that of the British army, because, as he said, the French conscription brought into the ranks men of all classes in society, whereas "the English soldiers are fellows who have all enlisted for drink," or from having got into trouble for minor offences; "they are the very scum of the earth." This remark was made in 1831, and by one who was thinking of the period from 1808 to 1815; so that it must not be supposed that the Duke would say so now, if he were living at the present day. We find, however, throughout his judgments here reported, an uncongenial tone of senile rigour, with a habit of disparaging most things and people belonging to the younger generation, which may be ascribed to the narrowing range of his activities in old age. The effect is disappointing to readers who would like to believe that Wellington continued to be one of the wisest of men to the end of his life. Such as he really was from sixty to eighty, a good old man of immense practical experience, a supremely honest man, but with a limited stock of ideas and learning, beyond his own personal observation, this volume presents him faithfully to his countrymen of latter days, who have all seen much that he could not foresee.

The Career of Major George Broadfoot, C.B. By Major W. Broadfoot, R.E. One vol. (John Murray).—This book is given to the world with the evident intention of doing justice to the memory of a most able man, one of the many heroes India has produced. The story is now "ancient history," but it is still good reading for those who are interested in the past. When Sale forced his way in October, 1841, through the passes from Cabul to Jellalabad, Broadfoot commanded a body of Sappers, which was in the front whenever fighting had to be

done. On reaching Jellalabad, Broadfoot and his Sappers at once began to make the tumble-down mud walls of the place defensible. When Dr. Brydon, the "solitary survivor" of the British Army, arrived with the terrible story of what had taken place, the depression it produced was natural. The defenders of Jellalabad became hopeless, and into almost every heart sank despair. One man alone was resolute—this was George Broadfoot. A council of war was held, but what took place there was long known only to a select few. Now at last, in the book just published, we have a brief account of what took place. The essential accuracy of the record is testified by Sir H. Havelock, who was then a young man, and who, though he had no vote, was present at the council from being on the Staff of Sir Robert Sale. He evidently took a similar view of the situation to that held by Broadfoot. Sir Robert Sale—and it would seem that the others, more or less, took his side—was for surrendering to Akbar Khan. A warm debate took place, and luckily the council was adjourned; when it met again, hope had begun to revive, and Broadfoot carried his point. But for this man, the "illustrious defence" of Jellalabad would have been unknown to history. The honour and glory of it were given to Sale, but to Broadfoot it rightly belongs. When Lord Ellenborough became Governor-General he had heard enough of Broadfoot's doings to know that he was a man fitted for the highest employment, and sent him to an important post in Burmah. When the affairs in the Punjab were assuming a dangerous condition, he was sent to the Sutlej to act as the Agent of the Governor-General on the frontier. In this most critical and onerous position he earned the highest praise. The war in Afghanistan was renewed, and Major Broadfoot was killed in the first battle—that was at Ferozeshah, in December, 1845. Thus ended the short but glorious career of a man who could fight and who could govern; a hero in war and a wise man in council.

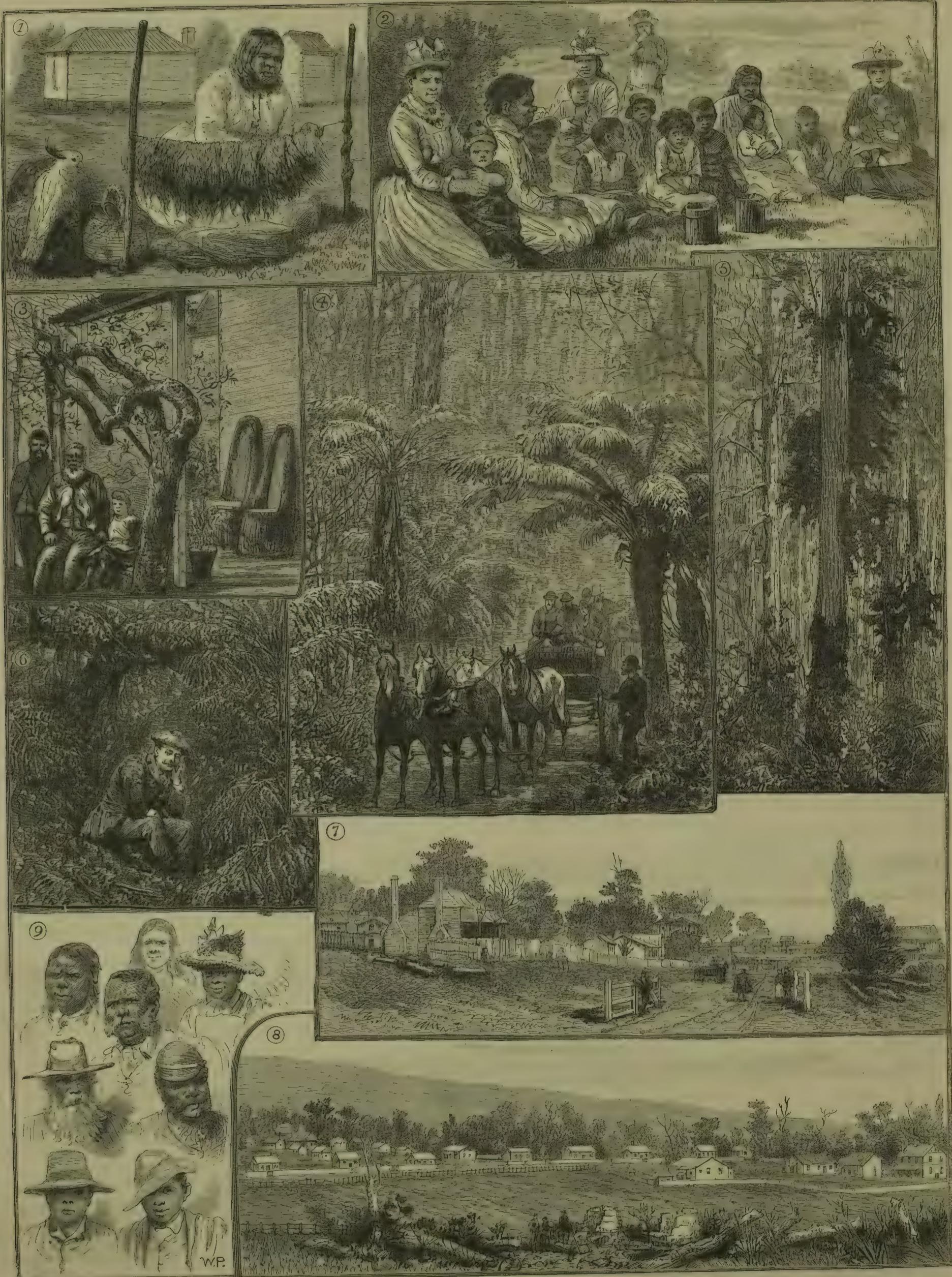
Thoth, a Romance. One vol. (W. Blackwood and Sons).—The second edition of this singular work of imaginative fiction, which has an allegorical significance patent to minds accustomed to reflect on theories of social progress, may be noticed with a brief account of its theme. "Thoth," a name borrowed from the god of learning in the Egyptian mythology, is the ruler, in his own generation, of a sequestered city in the Libyan desert, founded two thousand years before, and governed by a mighty succession of his stern ancestors, who all forswore the true love and reverence of woman, merely perpetuating their race with a view to universal and absolute dominion. Their intellectual superiority, and especially their consummate skill in physical science, their secret knowledge of mechanics, chemistry, and electricity giving them power to command the elements of earthly existence, would render them masters of mankind. They are served by races of pygmies and giants, carefully bred and reared to docile obedience; while the women of their own race, denied all family endearment, are kept in prison, cruelly insulted, and reduced to abject degradation. Thoth, however, being the vice-regent of this inhuman realm, and responsible for its preservation in his own age to the spirits of his grim predecessors, who have not really died, but have fallen, one after another, into a deathlike slumber, to awake and resume their authority within a period nearly approaching, discerns the necessity of importing some women of a nobler quality to save the Royal posterity from a natural degeneration. He visits Greece for this purpose, in disguise; and, having caused a pestilence to afflict the people of Athens, contrives by certain pretence to obtain a number of beautiful maidens, only one of whom, the high-spirited Daphne, surviving a shipwreck on the voyage to Egypt, arrives in an aerial chariot at the mystic home of Thoth. She is greatly scandalised, of course, at witnessing the ill-treatment of her sex; and though herself surrounded with luxury and splendour and flattering attentions, she declines to become the wife and Queen of a cold-hearted despot, whom policy and hereditary tradition forbid to be a sincere lover. But he is a man, after all, in spite of his ancestral creed, and in defiance of the laws of the State over which he reigns; actually falling in love with Daphne, he is persuaded to renounce the horrible project of conquering all nations by the use of weapons that poison the atmosphere, and then reconstructing society on the basis of his Positivist philosophy; he braves the anger of his assembled forefathers when they revive, from a set of embalmed mummies, in their sepulchral cavern, and puts them to sleep again by force of his potent drugs; then he returns with Daphne to Athens, promising her a lawful marriage and a home of peaceful innocence; but landing on the free shore of her country, finds that his past crimes are not to be forgiven, and drowns himself in despair. This tragedy of Thoth must be taken as a warning against the ambition to establish an aristocracy of intellectual power and scientific craft, regardless of the common affections of humanity and of individual rights and the interests of family life. It is a dream-like, rather mystical story, highly poetical in conception, and written with classic dignity and grace of style.

AFTER THE PANTOMIME

The old stage direction, "Exeunt Omnes," was intended for the actors, but is not less imperative on the audience, who hasten to depart when the curtain falls on the last scene of the play. In the large engraving presented for our Extra Supplement this week, the Artist has portrayed a crowd of well-dressed Londoners, consisting of family parties with children, waiting for their carriages under the portico of the theatre. They have seen, and the little boys and girls have enjoyed, a splendid burlesque extravaganza, with mock-romantic incidents; the adventures of a gallant young Prince and a charming bewitched Princess, glades of the forest haunted by glittering Fairies, caverns of the rock inhabited by crafty Gnomes, a Fight with the Dragon, the King's Court with a throne of gold, before which the bewigged old Chancellor bowed stiffly with sententious counsels of policy, a Castle besieged with all the panoply of chivalric warfare, the victory of youthful bravery, the defeat of infernal magic; and then a gorgeous Transformation Scene, from which the fair Columbine, the nimble Harlequin, the droll Pantaloons, and the humorous, athletic, mischievous Clown, suddenly emerged to perform their customary tricks and tumbles in the old routine of ridiculous Pantomime. The happy children are vehemently excited, but they will be none the worse for this wholesome entertainment. Such bright fantastic visions will be renewed in their pleasing dreams, when each small curly head is laid on its soft white pillow at home; such harmless antics will be rehearsed next day in the nursery, perhaps in the drawing-room, where many a boy of six or seven years will announce his determination to go upon the stage, and to learn no more spelling or sums of the daily governess with his sisters. But as they go home presently in the carriage, exhausted nature will have its way, lulled by the rumbling of the wheels, in many a brain and bosom of the infant playgoers, and they will slumber in their parents' arms to the door of their residence; being lifted out, a little chilliness and crossness may be felt, which will soon be cured by a warm supper and a snug bed. "After the Pantomime"—the first in the child's life—the world of Fancy is opened.



AFTER THE PANTOMIME: "EXEUNT OMNES."



1. Aboriginal Skirt-Making.

2. Aboriginal and Half-Caste Women and Children at Coranderrk.
3. Giant Rose-Tree Stem.

4. On the Road to Fern-Glen.

5. A View on the Black Spur.
6. The Fern-Glen Hermit.

7. Entrance to Henlesville.

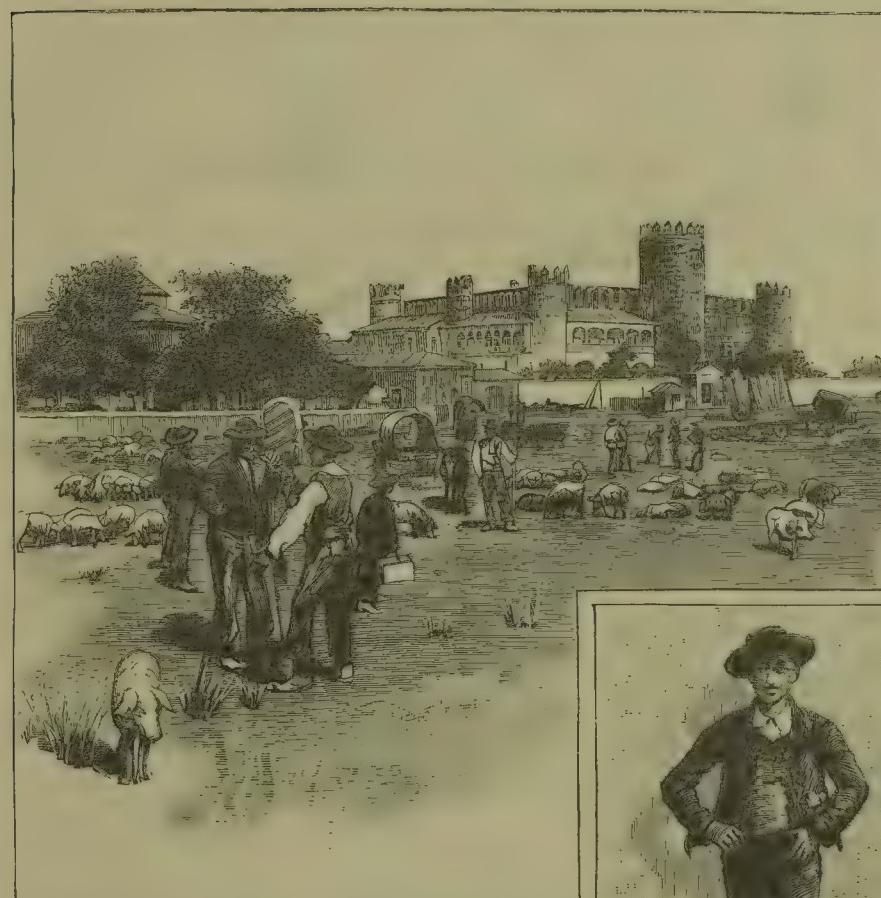
8. Coranderrk Station.
9. A Few Heads.



FREGENAL.



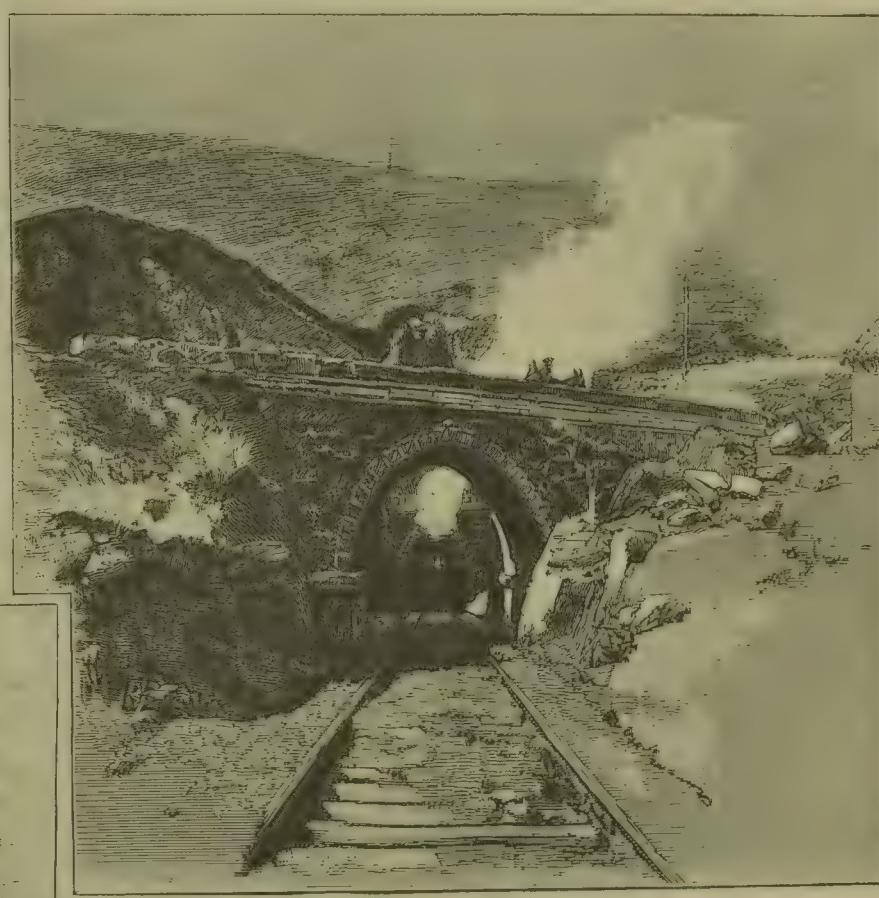
BADAJOZ—BRIDGE OVER THE GUADIANA.



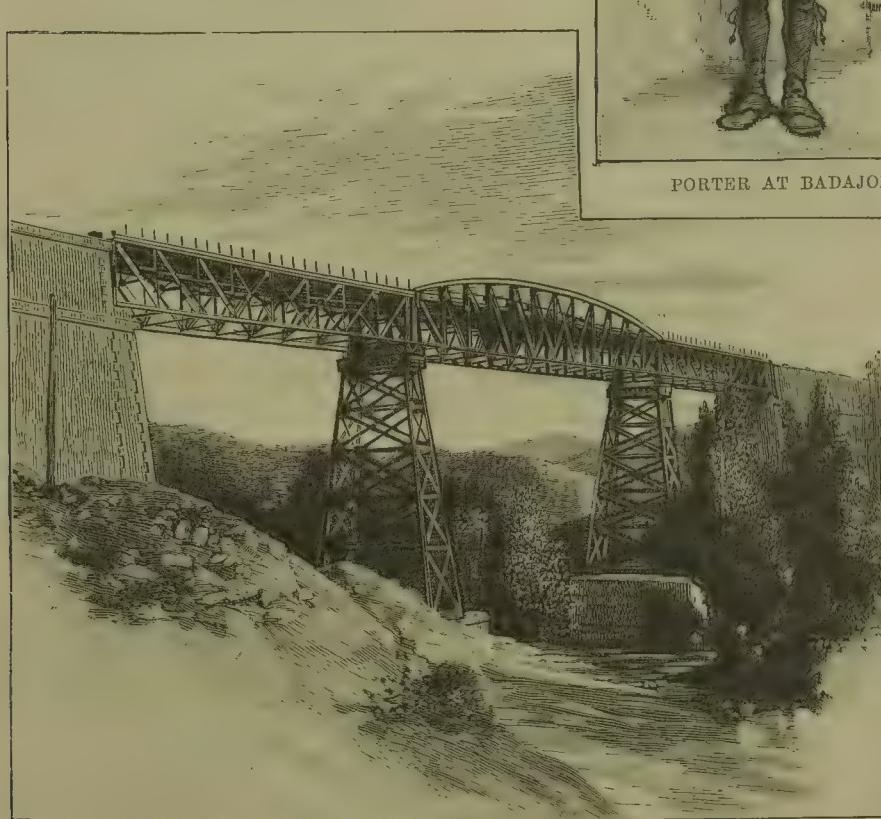
THE FAIR AT ZAFRA.



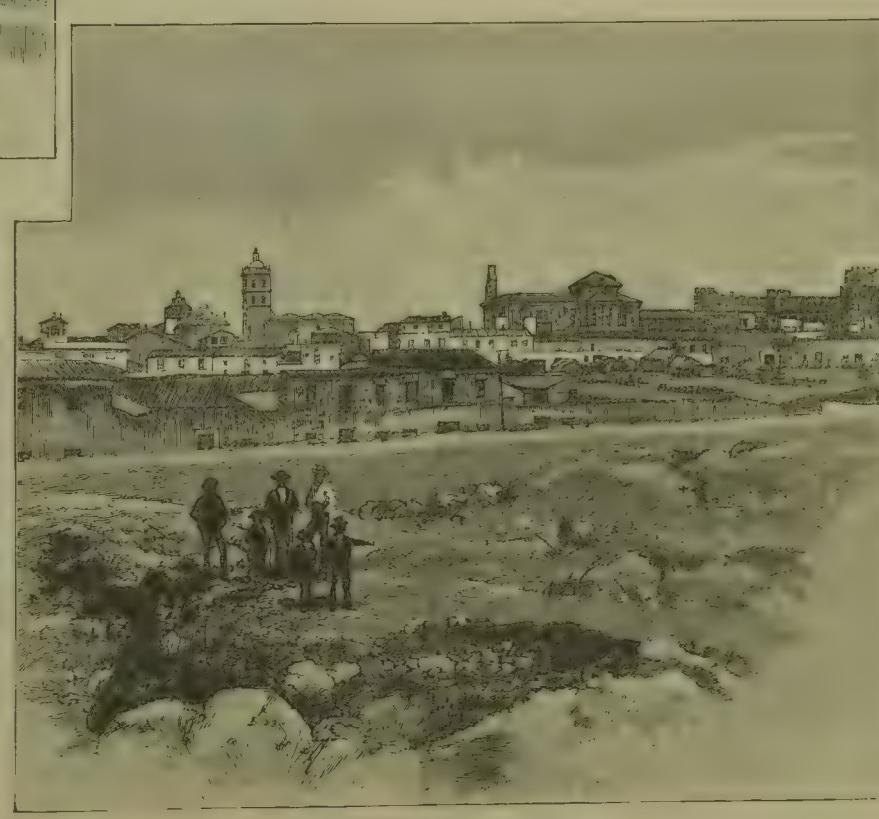
PORTER AT BADAJOZ.



RAILWAY TUNNEL.



RAILWAY BRIDGE.



TOWN OF ZAFRA.

“BUT.”

There may very possibly be a good deal of virtue in your “if.” I am sure there’s an amazing amount of iniquity in your “but.” Indeed, in my opinion the language holds no worse or wickeder word! The very look of it, with its two stiff consonants guarding the solitary vowel, is offensive. Then the abruptness, the roughness, the imperiousness in the sound of it every cultivated ear resents. ‘Tis a word of the evilest omen—a word of depreciation, insinuation, discouragement, equivocation, selfishness, over-caution, pusillanimity. Only the half-hearted and the timid, the slanderer and the back-biter, make much use of it. No man, it is certain, would build up a reputation upon “buts.” Clive would never have won Plassey, nor Wolfe the Heights of Abraham if either had been arrested in his advance by this miserable word—this coward’s word! The leading spirits of the world have never taken to it kindly. “Fain would I climb *but* that I fear to fall,” wrote young Raleigh with his diamond on the palace-window. Prompt and sharp was Queen Elizabeth’s reply:—“If thy heart fail thee” (if thou stumbles over the *buts*) “do not climb at all.” So, Napoleon said that there was no such word as “impossible,” which is simply a synonym for “but” in the brave man’s vocabulary. “But me no ‘buts’!” The man who would succeed in love or the world must clear the fence set up by this obstinate conjunction, like a foxhunter who means to be in at the death. He must live as if this trilateral enormity—*verbum trium literarum*—had no existence. The kind of temper which higgles at it is not the stuff of which heroes are made. When Columbus proposed to sail in search of a new world, all the doubters and cravens poisoned the air with “buts.” There might be a continent across the Western wave, *but*—There might be another oceanway to the gems and gold of Cathay, *but*—When Luther was summoned to attend the Diet at Worms, how his friends crowded round him with their timid “buts”! It might be right for him to go, *but*—He might perchance reach the city in safety, *but*—The great Reformer put these aside with one courageous utterance:—“If there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on its house-roofs, I would go there!” Never yet did genius conceive any bold or generous undertaking, or meditate the investigation of any difficult problem, or attempt the discovery of any hidden truth—never yet did man essay to do things great or good for his fellow-man—without the voice of the croaker, or the hiss of the envious, or the wail of the timorous being heard in the land—*but!*—

This word seems to hover about us in all our transactions; it accompanies us wherever we go; it intrudes into every discourse. Whether we suggest it to ourselves in excuse or extenuation; whether it is cast in our face by our critics; or whether we, in our turn, belabour with it our friends and acquaintances, it seems omnipresent and inevitable. For instance: we enter upon some ambitious piece of work, and through presumption or incompetency mar and muddle it; immediately we let fall the evasive plea that “We should have done better, *but*”—Some industrious, persevering competitor rushes to the front: instead of honestly acknowledging his superior merit, we whisper in depreciation—“Oh yes, he contrived to get ahead, it is true, *but*”—We make such constant use of the word—and almost always, alas! such a mean, cowardly, and unveracious use—that one could wish it erased from the dictionary! “I should have made a hit with my last play, *but*—that fellow Snarler”—“Brown would never have deceived me, *but*”—“I was quite safe to win, *but*—Jones—ah, you can never trust him!” It is exceedingly effective when we are discussing our acquaintances—as, “Mrs. Smith is an excellent woman, they say; *but*”—“Oh, I have nothing much to say against Tompkins, *but*”—“Humph, she is well enough as appearances go, *but*”—“Yes, I am told Miss Tompkins is ‘engaged,’ *but*”—By means of your “but” you can slip in so readily a damaging insinuation, a covert calumny, while avoiding any direct responsibility for it! In his “School for Scandal,” Sheridan puts it skilfully into the mouths of his scandal-mongers. They joke about Miss Vermilion’s complexion. “True, ma’am,” says Sir Benjamin Backbite, “it not only comes and goes; *but*, what’s more, egad, her maid can fetch and carry it!” And Lady Teazle finds it very useful in her quarrels with Sir Peter:—

SIR PETER: There! now you want to quarrel again.

LADY TEAZLE: No; I’m sure I don’t; *but* if you will be so peevish—

SIR PETER: There now! who begins first?

LADY TEAZLE: Why, you, to be sure! I said nothing; *but* there’s no bearing your temper.

Never was there a word so capable of mischief as your malevolent, designing, hypocritical, treacherous—*but*!

It is worth while noticing what a knockdown blow this little word can administer. For example—you have long wooed Araminta, and have flattered yourself that your delicate and graceful attentions have not been unacceptable. You watch your opportunity. “Araminta, I love you! Will you, will you be mine?” “Mr. Johnson, I—I—appreciate the honour you have done me; *but*—I am already engaged!” You belong to a cric’et club, and an eleven is being chosen to meet an eleven from a neighbouring parish. Modestly you proffer your services. “Awfully good of you, Johnson,” says your captain; “*but*—I want fellows who know how to handle their bats!” Or you make your first speech at a political meeting—an oration over which you have burned the midnight oil—and read in to-morrow’s paper: “Mr. Johnson spoke next; *but* was very indistinctly heard.” Or you tell your best anecdote at Brown’s dinner-party to the bejewelled dowager seated beside you. “Very amusing, I’m sure, Mr. Johnson; *but*—I don’t see the point!” These are the real miseries of life, which thin one’s locks prematurely and plough one’s brow with wrinkles! And they are all due to that execrable word—*But*; which one is fully justified in believing to be the source of most of the sin, sorrow, and ill-luck in the world, since it can whisper away a woman’s reputation and a man’s happiness; can baffle an honourable ambition and disappoint a pious wish. It is almost inconceivable, the mischief and malignity that lie in those three letters, waiting only for an apt occasion to go about the world like a lion, rampant and devouring. In political warfare they supply the contending parties with a favourite missile. “I will not say of my opponent that he is no patriot, *but*”—“The measure which the honourable member submits to the House may possibly have some useful provisions; *but*, as a whole, it is characterised by the most glaring inefficiency.” The intense scorn of which the word is capable can be estimated only when it is used by politicians—or philosophers. “Mr. So-and-so calls himself a Liberal (or Tory, as the case may be); *but*”—Oh! the world of contemptuous meaning which is here conveyed! Thus employed, the word crushes an opponent as with a mace or a sledge-hammer; and his sole consolation is that, when he is once more on his feet, he can return the compliment with even added force; *but*—

Consider the important part it plays in criticism! Why, there are critics who would find their occupation gone, if, by any misadventure they were precluded from sprinkling it over their criticisms, like cayenne pepper. ‘Tis the drop of venom—the “leprous distilment”—which they love to mingle with their scanty and reluctant praise. ‘Tis the counteracting word

which, as old George Daniel sings, “makes all nothing that was said before.” As thus:—“The novel before us is not absolutely bad, *but* its faults of style and construction are gross,” &c. “No doubt Brown’s verse is correct enough, *but* it is wanting in every quality that constitutes poetry.” “Mr. Altamont is probably a great actor, *but* he has not the slightest knowledge of his art.” The judicious Hallam, by-the-way, exhibits his judiciousness in a frequent resort to this qualifying particle; as when he says of one of Ben Jonson’s plays—“His plot is slight, and of no great complexity; *but*,” &c. Of Shakespeare—“It is generally believed that he had much to do with the tragedy of ‘Pericles,’ *but* the play is full,” &c. And of “The Taming of the Shrew”—“The best parts are certainly his; *but* several passages which are very amusing belong to an unknown predecessor.” And so on.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil, and I will not deny that “but” at times may carry a good intention, and be used even for laudable purposes; *but* I contend that, on the whole, it is a shabby, cowardly, objectionable word, which is generally associated with all kinds of ill-meanings and worse deeds, and is the chosen instrument of mean minds. The thinker or worker, however, who would go straight to the point he aims at must not suffer himself to be impeded by any number of “buts.” If you seek help, or information, or counsel from a man and he begins to reply with a “but,” put no trust in him. No “buts” are necessary either in a plain narrative or an honourable life. If you give praise, give it heartily, and avoid diminishing its effect by injurious qualifications. If you say a good word for a friend, say it frankly, and do not attempt to edge in something to his detriment. If you see a laudable effort being made for the welfare of humanity or in the pursuit of truth, give it your generous encouragement, nor endeavour to chill the ardour of those engaged in it by suggestions of difficulty or predictions of failure. In a word, “But me no buts!” Candid and manly speech, and candid and manly dealing, are the very salt of life; *but*—enough!

W. H. D.-A.

IN SOUTH-WEST SPAIN.

We give a Portrait of the obliging porter who took charge of our luggage at Badajoz, on arrival there from Lisbon. He seemed to know the Custom-House officials well, for we had no trouble. Having no desire at present to emulate Tom Hood’s hero, we were contented, and, after a wash up in an old basin behind the buffet, were happy with chocolate, and soon on our way to Merida. Steaming out of the station we had a view of the town, with its bridge over the Guadiana—which is reproduced, instead of inflicting a description on our readers. We shall, with their permission, continue this excellent plan.

Merida was the Emeritus Augustus of the Romans, and the seat of the Pro-Consul of this part of the Empire. The extensive remains testify to its importance, and the value the Romans placed on the country. The aqueduct and bridge across the Guadiana first attract attention; but the town is full of remains, including portions of temples, and must become a resort for the antiquary or man of letters. At present there is only a posada (Spanish inn); but the alcalde (mayor)—a man of sense and enterprise—promised us he would purchase a house and have it fitted as an hotel, where tourists could stay in comfort. From here excursions can be made to Badajoz, Cacerao, and other interesting places. We had to decide which way on this occasion to proceed. Knowing that a railway, built with English money, was completed from Zafra, through the Sierra Morena to Huelva, we decided, if possible, to travel over this virgin ground.

From Merida the line to Seville upon which we now travelled, passes along the centre of a rich plain bounded east and west by mountain ranges. We passed several large quaint towns, and, judging from appearances, the inhabitants must be well to do. At one of these towns, Almandralejo, in the centre of a wine district, producing about 50,000 butts of wine annually, we saw immense earthenware jars that do duty for casks. One would be a cartload. Now we understand how it was possible for forty thieves to be each quickly hid away in jars. For ages this plain has been known as the Granary of Spain.

Arriving at Zafra, we were pleased to find it was fair-time. The pigs—lively, clean-looking brutes, of which we were told there were 30,000—were the main feature of the fair. Last year there were nearly 70,000, but as the other fairs this year had been good, there were fewer left for Zafra. In addition to the pigs, there were thousands of fine horses, mules, cattle, and sheep, with all the other adjuncts of a fair—except riot and drunkenness. We visited the waxwork, and among the distinguished members of the collection were invited by a badly-written placard to behold “Victoria, Empress of India.” For once we laughed at our Queen without the least consciousness of disloyalty. Could she have seen the “figure” she would most graciously forgive us. Zafra, like all the towns here, has a history of centuries. At the beginning of the present, it was occupied by a French force protecting the communications between Badajoz and Seville, and it has not recovered from the exhaustion that incubus brought upon it. Now, however, that it is to be in direct communication with the sea, the tonic of the railway bustle will restore its constitution and prosperity.

Although the line was not then opened for public traffic, the engineers kindly arranged to pass us, and we made a pleasant journey in a covered truck. No; the smoke from the engine was not troublesome, for they did not use patent fuel, but the best smokeless Welsh coal. At the outset the line passes across high land, giving extensive and picturesque views that must soon attract tourists.

Our first stoppage was at Fregenal, another quaint town with a castle. Every town has one, but the feature of this is that it has all the interior removed to give place for a bull-ring. When we entered the fine keep and passed up the stone stairs expecting to get on to the battlements, we were surprised to land in a “box,” from which we saw some strolling players in the arena, preparing for their exhibition. Leaving here we began to admire the engineering works on the line, two Views of which we give. The masonry in these is all constructed of finely-coloured marble, quarried by the contractors from the neighbouring mountains.

R. M. M.

The Lord Mayor appeals for aid in behalf of the funds of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor, which for the last four years had been steadily working in the interests of health and sanitation in the metropolis.

The Mayor of Windsor has forwarded to the secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society the two thousand pounds required as a guarantee for holding the Jubilee Show of the society at Windsor. The show will be held, by permission of her Majesty, in Windsor Great Park, in June next. Besides the gold medals presented by her Majesty as champion prizes, the society will give ten special silver medals. The total value of the prizes will be twelve thousand pounds, being more than double the amount given at Nottingham last year. The site for the show will be taken over by the society on Feb. 4.

TIGER-SHOOTING IN INDIA.

Statistics procured by the Indian Government show that tigers every year cause the death of nearly two thousand human beings, and destroy about twenty thousand cattle. The man-eating tiger, whose victim is more frequently a woman or a child, is a beast of peculiar habits; usually an aged tiger, no longer able to catch the deer or antelope, and, perhaps with his teeth half worn-out, declining conflict with the boar or the buffalo. He therefore lies in wait amid the long grass by the path where girls and old women return from drawing water at the stream or tank, or are passing from one hamlet to another; and if the last of them happen to lag behind alone, stopping to adjust her dress, or stooping to pick a thorn out of her foot, the tiger leaps forth, seizes her, and carries her off, to feast on her mangled flesh. It is seldom that this sneaking and really cowardly savage beast will attack a man who carries anything like a weapon, unless the man has provoked the combat.

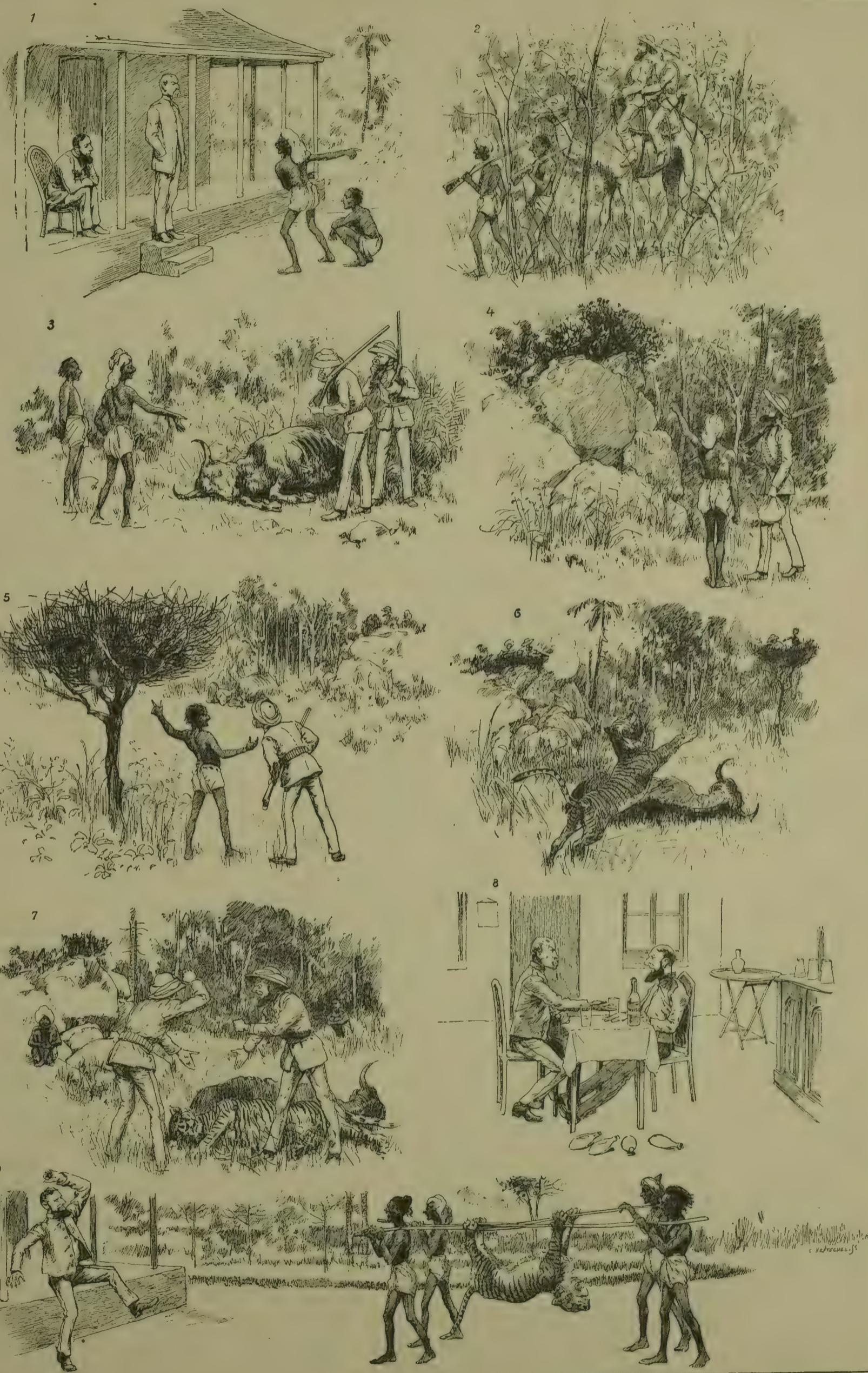
Tiger-hunting, encouraged by a handsome Government reward, is considered to be an important service to every village community molested by these formidable animals. It is practised by many natives who can afford to buy good rifles and to hire expert “shikarrees,” as well as by Englishmen who are ambitious to prove their skill and courage. Lady Eva Quin, who is daughter of Lord Connemara and wife of Captain Quin, is reported to have shot five tigers with her own hand during the past season. This feat would most likely be performed from the howdah of an elephant, which is the Royal mode of tiger-hunting. Much effective business is done, in an unostentatious way, by waiting through the night and shooting from an ambush, from behind a rock or up a tree, when the tiger comes to feed on the carcass of a bullock, or some other animal, previously tied up on the spot and left for him to kill. He is pretty sure to return several times while it affords him meat; and then is the time for paying him off with a bullet. The Sketches, by Mr. Charles Vining, which we have engraved, show the incidents of such a performance in which two of our countrymen, one of whom may be called Jones, contrive between them to avenge the loss of a bullock that has been struck down by a tiger.

The report of this mischief is brought to the two gentlemen, in the verandah of their bungalow; and they lose no time in mounting a camel which carries double, attended by two shikarrees or assistant huntsmen with rifles, to go and inspect “the kill.” The experienced natives look about for means of ambush, and then point out to Mr. Jones a good hiding-place among the bushes on the top of a rocky bank, while his companion is advised to climb a tree, of no great height, with thick spreading branches. The murdered ox or cow lies within easy shooting-distance of both sportsmen, who take up their respective positions at nightfall. After waiting an hour or two, or even several hours, they see the tiger enter upon the scene; and, as he immediately devotes his attention to the carcass, he is quite unaware of their presence. Jones and his comrade fire at the same moment, and the tiger is killed. Descending cautiously from their elevated positions, and beckoning the shikarrees to a consultation, they satisfy themselves of the fact, in which some hunters have been deceived to their cost, and proceed to examine the body. It exhibits only one bullet-wound, and the two gentlemen fall into an eager dispute over the question which of them fired the effective shot. Not being able to agree, they return to the bungalow, where, sitting over the whisky and soda-water, they toss up for the honour of this exploit, or at least for the spoils of the chase. Jones is the winner; and his delight when the slain tiger, slung to a pair of bamboo-poles, is brought home by four native servants, seems to find expression in a frolicsome “pas seul,” which our readers will certainly admire.

“Tent Life in Tiger-Land,” by the Hon. James Inglis, now of Sydney, New South Wales, and Minister of Public Instruction in that colony, is a volume lately published, which contains many good hunting stories. Mr. Inglis resided some years in two of the finest sporting districts of India—namely, Purneah and North Bhaugulpore, bordering on the Terai, and the district of Kherl, with the charge of extensive forest and waste land grants, in the northern corner of Oude, extending to the banks of the Sarda, in the North-west Provinces. He knew one man, whom he calls “Joe,” who had witnessed the death of three hundred tigers, and who had killed scores of them with his own gun. This man, once going incautiously alone into the almost dark vaulted chamber of a deserted temple amidst the jungle, there met a tigress, which he killed with his pistol. Scarcely less alarming was the situation of him who woke up in bed, in his own tent, and saw a large leopard glaring at him as he lay. In the plains of the Koosee, among the long grass, the tiger must be sought by beaters and a long line of elephants. Some of the most exciting adventures told by Mr. Inglis are those with “must” or mad elephants, and with elephants running away, to the extreme peril of their riders. The story of a tiger which was shot, and which appeared to be quite dead, reviving to strike its claws into an elephant’s foot, so that the elephant died of the gangrened wound, is worthy of remark. There are several good tales, also, of bears and boars and other wild beasts, and of human wildness among gipsies and hill folk. This volume, of which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are the publishers, is adorned with fine coloured illustrations.

“Some panther and tiger talk,” along with diverse other ingredients of “a sporting medley,” will be found in another new book, to which the author, Mr. J. Moray Brown, late of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, has given the stimulating title, “Powder, Spur and Spear” (Chapman and Hall). The variety of its contents is such, from rabbit-shooting in English barley-fields, grouse-shooting on Scotch moors, or salmon-fishing on a Highland river, to the rarer Indian experiences, pig-sticking in the Deccan, an adventure on the Indus, the pursuit of a phantom stag at Vizamah, and riding steeplechases with Indian mounts, that there is something for every taste. The tiger stories related by three smoking-room companions, the General, the Major, and the Civilian, were mutually so interesting to these gentlemen that when the host, looking at his watch, found it was time for all to go to bed, he added this remark: “Here have we been talking tiger, smoking tiger, drinking tiger, and thinking tiger; and now, no doubt, we shall all dream tiger.” This should warn us also to drop the subject.

At the annual meeting of the committee of the Civil Service Life-Boat Fund, presided over by Mr. W. H. Haines, Chief Clerk of the House of Lords, Mr. Charles Dibdin, the honorary secretary, reported that the number of subscribers to the fund had been well sustained during the past year, and that the necessary sum for the building and equipping of a new life-boat, to be named the Civil Service No. 6, and to be stationed at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, had recently been paid over to the National Institution. The committee unanimously decided to issue an appeal to the Civil Service for the amount required to endow the new boat. It was further reported that the other five life-boats presented by the fund to the parent society had been instrumental in saving 203 lives and several vessels.



1. My friend Jones and I are told of a tiger having killed an ox.
 2. We ride to the place on a camel, with two shikarrees bearing our rifles.
 3. We inspect the carcase, which does not gratify our noses.
 4. The shikarree advises Jones to lurk in ambush on the top of a rock.
 5. While I am recommended to climb a tree.
 6. The tiger comes at nightfall to eat the carcase; we both at once fire.
 7. One bullet has hit and killed him; we dispute who fired the effective shot.
 8. Our dispute is settled by tossing-up, over our whisky and soda.
 9. Jones won the toss-up: he dances with delight as the slain tiger is brought home.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 18, 1887) of Mrs. Margaret Platt, late of Woodlands House, Stalybridge, Cheshire, widow, who died on Aug. 11, has been proved at Chester by Frederick Higgins, Alfred Higgins, and Edward Higgins, the nephews and executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £412,000. The testatrix bequeaths £40,000 to her brother, Henry; £20,000, £5000, and £600 per annum for three years if he shall carry on the trusts of her will, to her nephew Frederick Higgins; £20,000, upon trust, for her nephew Edward Higgins; £12,000, upon trust, for each of her nephews Walter, Charles, Henry, Alfred, and Arthur Higgins; £15,000, upon trust, for her niece Margaret Brudenall Bruce for life, and then as she shall appoint; £20,000, upon trust, for her said niece for life and then to her children; £10,000, upon trust, for each of her nieces Fanny Higgins and Margaret Higgins; £5000, upon trust, for each of her nieces Alice Gertrude Higgins, Emily Schunk, Priscilla Ellen Charlton, Kate Higgins, Mary Hills, Annie Johnson, and the children of the late Amelia Johnson; £3000 each to the widows of her brothers John and George; £2000 to the wife of her brother James; and very many legacies to relatives, servants, the workpeople at her mills and warehouses, and others. She also gives £700 to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to the Incumbent of St. Paul's, Staley, for the purpose of augmenting the benefice; £20 per annum, for ten years, each to St. Paul's Church (Staley), Christ Church (Stalybridge), and St. John's Church (Dukinfield), in aid of the stipends of the respective curates; £15,100 to her executors, but she expresses the wish that they will distribute the same as follows (such expression of her wishes however, is precatory, and is not intended to impose any trust)—viz., £2500 to the Mayor and Burgesses of Stalybridge, upon trust, to apply the income thereof in keeping in order the public baths erected by her husband and herself; £1000 to Owens College, Manchester; £1000 to the Ashton and Stalybridge Infirmary; £2000 each to the Manchester Royal Infirmary and Dispensary and the Salford and Pendleton Hospital and Dispensary; £1000 to the Hospital for Incurables, Mauldeth Hall, near Manchester; £500 each to the New Brighton Convalescent Hospital for Women, the Devonshire Hospital (Buxton), the National Life-Boat Institution, the Manchester and Salford Boys' and Girls' Refuge, the Manchester and Salford Provident Society, and the Manchester and Salford Lock and Skin Disease Hospital; £100 each to the Manchester Jubilee School and the training-ship Clitheroe stationed at Chester; £300 each to the Clinical Hospital and Dispensary (Cheetham), the Manchester Eye Hospital, the Schools at Ardwick Green, and the Manchester City Mission; and £1000 to the Mechanics' Institution (Stalybridge). £10,000, out of her pure personality, to her executors, which she wishes to be applied by them as she shall, by letter to them dictate, but such letter is not in any sense to be considered part of her will. The residue of her real and personal estate, including the residue of the property of her late husband, over which she has a power of appointment, and also the Quarry-street Mills and Bridge-street Mill, she leaves upon trust for her niece Margaret Brudenall Bruce, the children of her brothers John, James, and George, and the children of her niece Mrs. Amelia Johnson, rateably to the amount of certain legacies left to them by her will.

The will (dated April 6, 1888) of Mrs. Agnes Jane Moore, the wife of the late Mr. George Moore, late of Whitehall, Meolsgate, Carlisle, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on

Jan. 12 by William Percival, her sister Mrs. Elizabeth Weston, and William Parkin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £84,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Weston; £7000 to each of the sons of her late brother James Wilkinson Brooks (except his eldest son); £3000 to his daughter; £5000 each to Mrs. Mary Chester and to her nephew, David Thomson; £1000 to her niece, Margaret Thomson; £5000 to Bessie Percival; £1000 to Mary Blackett Ord; £500 to her brother-in-law, General Thomson; £1000, upon trust, to increase the income of the living of Christ Church, Somers-town; £1000 to the George Moore Educational Trust, Carlisle; £500 to the George Moore Memorial Hall, Meolsgate; and legacies and specific gifts to executors and others. She devises the Tollhouse, on the turnpike-road from Carlisle to Cockermouth, to the trustees of her late husband's will, to follow the trusts contained therein concerning his Cumberland estates. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the eldest son of her late brother, James Wilkinson Brooks.

The will (dated March, 1885) of Mr. William Chippindale, late of Broke's Lodge, Reigate, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Jan. 12 by Mrs. Sarah Chippindale, the widow, and John Edward Beckett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £71,000. The testator bequeaths his house, Broke's Lodge, with the furniture and contents, carriages and horses, and £1000 to his wife; £100 each to his sisters, Miss Jane Chippindale and Miss Alice Chippindale; £50 to Miss Emily Chippindale; £10,000 each to his sons, Arthur William Chippindale and Edgar John Chippindale; £8000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Anne Rivington; and the income of a sum of £20,000 to his wife during her widowhood, to be reduced one half on her remarriage. The residue of his property he leaves to his three children.

The will (dated May 10, 1888) of Mr. John Swinton Isaac, late of Boughton Park, St. John-in-Bedwardine, Worcestershire, a partner in the banking firms of Berwick and Co. and Lechmere and Co., of Worcester, who died on Aug. 28 last, was proved on Dec. 4, at Worcester, by Mrs. Amelia Alicia Anne Isaac, the widow, the Rev. Edward Whitmore Isaac, the brother, and George Edward Martin, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £66,000. The testator gives £500 to each executor (except his wife); legacies to servants; and all his household and domestic effects to his wife. He devises Boughton Park, with the lands, pleasure-grounds, &c., unto his wife, for life, and then as she shall by deed, will, or codicil appoint, and, in default thereof, to such son as shall succeed to his banking business; and if no such son shall succeed to such business, then to his son Arthur. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife, for life, and at her death, as to the capital as well as the income, to his children as his wife shall appoint, and in default thereof, as to the capital in his business, to the son who shall succeed him; but if no such son succeed him, then a sum of £35,000 to the son who shall inherit Boughton Park; such a sum as will, with the funds of his marriage settlement and that expectant from his father-in-law, make up portions of £8000 each for his other sons; and £6000 for his daughters, and the ultimate residue between all his children.

The will (dated July 27, 1883), with a codicil (dated Nov. 24, 1887), of Mr. Lorenzo Kirkpatrick Hall, J.P., late of Holly Bush, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, who died on Aug. 24, was proved at Lichfield by Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., V.C., C.B., the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting

to upwards of £37,000. The testator charges his real estate with such a sum as, with the funds of his marriage settlement, will make up portions of £4000 each for his daughters, Jane Emma, Evelyn Constance, and Edith Millicent; his other daughter, Kathleen Mary, being provided for on her marriage with Sir William Biddulph Parker. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Edward absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1888) of Mr. Joseph Denham Smith, formerly of Putney, and late of Fairlawn, Coombe Wood, who died on Dec. 11, was proved on Jan. 12 by Mrs. Sophia Smith, the widow and executrix, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £35,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his sister-in-law, Lady Christiana Wilson; £100 each to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Frances Redfern and Miss Caroline Teschemacher; his premises at No. 1, Aubert-park, with the apparatus, chemicals, and chattels to Henry Russell Smith; a sum not exceeding £4000 to his wife to be dealt with as she shall direct; and other legacies. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then as to £1000, upon trust, for the two children of his late partner, Mr. Teschemacher, and the residue to John Denham Smith. His real estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, then upon trust for John Denham Smith for his life, and then to his children as he shall appoint.

We are authorised to state that the meeting of Parliament is fixed for Thursday, Feb. 21.

Mr. R. S. Poole, keeper of coins in the British Museum, has been elected Yates Professor of Archaeology in the University College, London, in the place of Sir C. Newton, resigned.

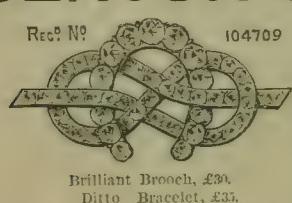
Messrs. Manville Fenn and J. H. Darnley, the successful authors of "The Barrister" and "The Balloon," have written a new play for Miss Laura Villiers, entitled "Miriam Brand," which she will produce on her spring tour which starts early in March, under the direction of Mr. William Duck, the business arrangements of the tour being, as heretofore, in the hands of Gloster Armstrong.

Mr. Andrew Lang, the Gifford Lecturer for St. Andrew's University, gave his introductory address on Jan. 17 to a large audience of students and the general public. He gave a sketch of the various forms which religion had taken in different countries, and discussed the definition of natural as distinguished from revealed religion. He requested the younger students, especially, to regard the lectures in a disengaged and disinterested spirit, without attempting to fortify or to assail their own beliefs by what they discovered, or thought they discovered, in the creeds of the old or the new world. They might begin their study of natural religion by examining the faculties by which man was furnished for the acquisition of truth. He might ask how far these enabled man to ascertain truth in the sphere of religion, how he came to be able to construct or to apprehend religious fancies or religious truths? He would ask what fancies had he constructed or what truths had he apprehended? and he would inquire into the religious practices of the people whose cultivation was in the lowest stage, and he would then rise to those entertained by the Greeks and Hindoos. He asked them not to expect too much from these lectures. Many a time, when engaged in these studies, they had to confess their ignorance, and ignorant they would remain at the end. One student would be confirmed in his faith, another in his unfaithfulness. He trusted that neither would blame the lecturer.

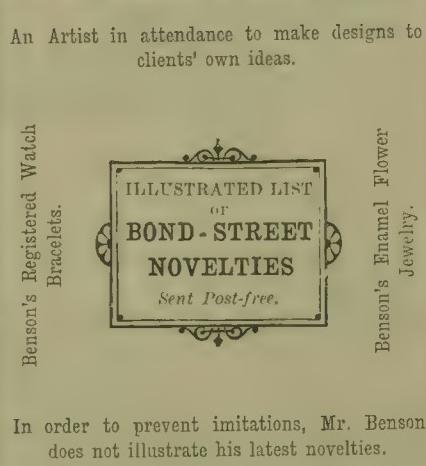
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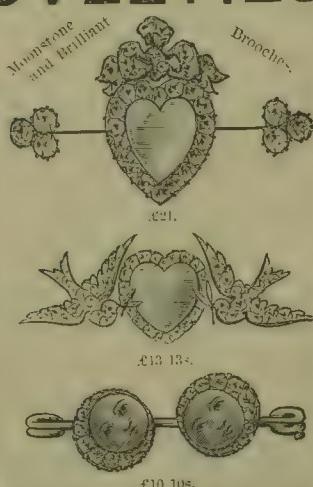
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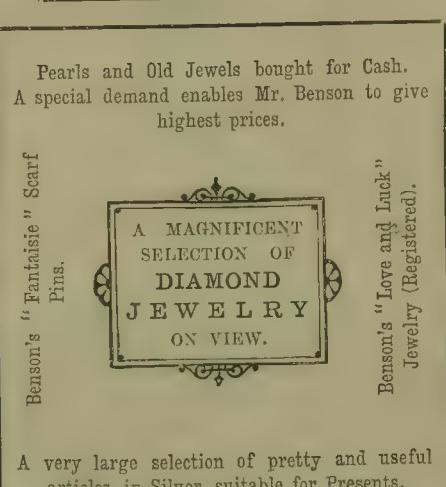
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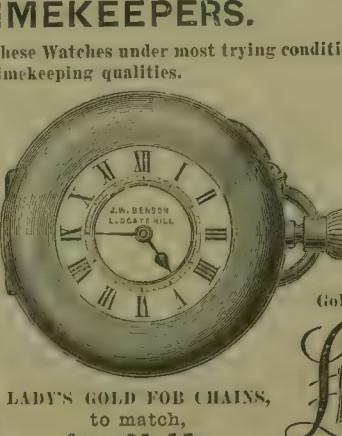
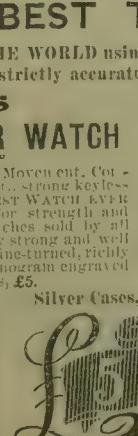
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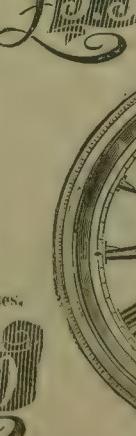
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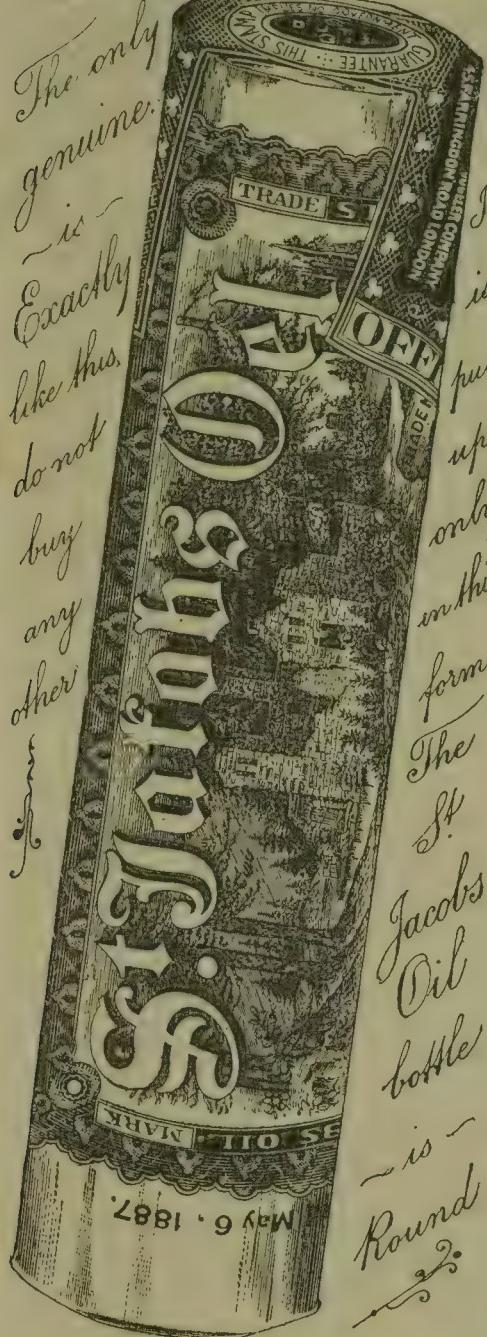
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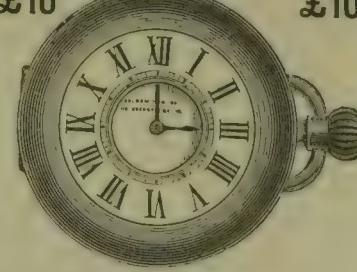
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

How surprised Tom Taylor would be could he only see his old play "Still Waters Run Deep" modernised and written up to date at the Criterion! In these days it is not the custom to select players in order to suit a given play; but to alter the meaning of a comedy in order to bring on the stage certain actors and actresses, and with them their eccentricities and idiosyncrasies. Mr. Charles Wyndham having succeeded so well as David Garrick, and been so much praised for his lovescenes, cast about him for some old play which could combine a fair mixture of high comedy and sentiment. He bethought him of John Mildmay in the thirty-four-year-old comedy by Tom Taylor, a part that Charles Wyndham has already played exceedingly well, and he resolved to twist it in order to accentuate the tender side of Mildmay's character. Probably no one ever discovered before that the reserved Lancashire hero of this old play could be turned into a Lovelace. But, on the whole, Mr. Wyndham has succeeded remarkably well. He leans to the idea that Hawksley's astute opponent, the typical Philistine, the misunderstood Mildmay, bullied by Mrs. Sternhold, looked down upon as a mild specimen of humanity by his companions, owes his reserve and his reticence entirely to the fact that his silly little wife has behaved badly to him. This is a view; but whether it is the correct one is just another matter. The worst of it is that in Mr. Wyndham's case the depressed view of John Mildmay lowers the tone and jeopardises the vitality of the comedy. Scenes that before have gone with point now fall a little flat, and it would not be surprising to find that in the first act and in the office scene Mr. Wyndham had reverted to the old manner of two years ago. The last love scene with Mrs. Mildmay could not have been better acted. Mr. Wyndham's pathos rang true, and the scene of reconciliation was both truthful and touching. But if Mr. Wyndham gave a new reading as Mildmay, a still fresher and newer one came from Mrs. Bernard Beere as Mrs. Hector Sternhold. Mrs. Wigan, of course, read the character as Tom Taylor wrote it, and held to the idea that Hawksley's old flame was, so far as age was concerned, on the shelf. The intellectual woman was there, but the physical charm had gone. This was what galled Mrs. Sternhold when she saw Hawksley flirting with her silly and soulless niece. In the original French story, by Charles De Bernard, called "Le Gendre," of course it is a handsome, middle-aged mother, who is jealous of the fascination of her married daughter. Of course Mrs. Beere would not play the mother to Miss Mary Moore, and the word "aunt" is a convenient euphemism, as an aunt may be of any age. So, without any reference to the actual story, Mrs. Beere boldly assumes that Mrs. Sternhold is a captivating woman still, and plays the scenes allotted to her with remarkable vigour and aplomb. Modern audiences have little care about art. The women who go to the play want to see smart dresses as well as showy acting, so they applauded Mrs. Beere in the gown of a millionaire, although she is playing the part of a dependant in a lowly suburban villa. Mrs. Beere's finest scenes were, of course, the defiant passage of arms with Hawksley and the final scene of submission to the victorious Mildmay. The

actress was of immense value, for the play would have dropped at every point without her aid. As consistency and symmetry of idea were not in question, there was no particular reason why Mr. Herbert Standing should not have a new reading of Hawksley. He certainly makes him a very repulsive, ill-bred person, and an almost impossible companion for the Sternholds in their Parisian dresses, and the Mildmays with their refined manners. The pity of it is that, when the others levelled up, Mr. Standing should elect to level down. But from the point of view of logic and consistency, the whole thing is illogical and absurd. Respectable City gentlemen are not called out "by stockbrokers"; nor are forgers handcuffed in a drawing-room just before a dinner-party. The play has, of course, been slightly altered to suit modern taste. The duel, à la "Pauline," with pistols under the tablecloth, has been omitted, and several judicious improvements made. In such a charming bijou theatre the old play is bound to enjoy a new life. Those who do not care to differentiate between the new and the old Mildmay and Mrs. Sternhold will appreciate the acting of Charles Wyndham and Mrs. Beere, and will talk everywhere of the new theatre and the smart dresses. Mr. Wyndham understands his public.

Lovers of good acting should at once repair to the Opéra Comique to see a new, clever, and interesting play by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, called "Tares," and to applaud a really fine performance of a wicked woman brought to repentance by Miss Gertrude Kingston. No actress has recently made such a mark as this young lady. She has come to the front with one bound, and she will keep her position because she is the representative of no clique, but is a genuine artist and a born actress. Miss Kingston took an apathetic house literally by storm. She had to represent a mother who has deserted her child in her evil days; but, fired with a pang of jealousy and remorse, resolves to deprive its foster-mother of its care. The scene is a fine one; and it is finely played. Miss Kingston is able to touch every chord of emotion. Sarcasm, hate, pride, love, despair, jealousy, tenderness tread on one another's heels; and the best of it is that there is no sameness in one verse of this poem of woman's passion. The actress gets inside the character; she has studied it, she understands it, and all recent successes of promising young actresses pale before this really brilliant effort. Miss Gertrude Kingston is no pretty doll, but an actress with brains, and the lead she has taken she is bound to keep. The part is, unquestionably, an interesting and effective one, and Miss Gertrude Kingston has been lucky enough to get a good chance. But every actress who gets her chance does not always avail herself of it. It is a success not only of effect, but of mastery of technical detail. Mr. Forbes Robertson repeats his beautiful performance of the kindly, good man who has innocently wrecked the lives of two women. This is a noble study, a most earnest and manly personation: no actor on the stage has a more delightful elocutionary method than Mr. Robertson. He is effective without the least effort. It is seldom that in one play such true art is shown as by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Kingston. Nor is this

all. Miss Kate Rorke makes a charming and very sympathetic heroine; and Mr. Somerset, Mr. Hendrie, and Mr. J. G. Grahame are all usefully employed.

The matinée season has started with a fairly promising play by Mr. J. P. Hurst called "The Begum's Diamonds," but it requires reconsideration before it can be of much value. The comic and serious interests are not deftly interlaced, and, alas! it all falls to pieces in the last act. Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Florence West are painstaking and earnest enough on the serious side of the chapter, and Miss Rose Norreys, with Mr. Eric Lewis, are delightful in comedy; but in the course of three acts there are many pitfalls, and it would be a rash experiment to try it at night.

A lecture on fish cultivation, with special reference to the breeding establishment at Malvern, was given on Jan. 21 at the South Kensington Museum, by Mr. W. A. Carter. The Marquis of Lorne presided.

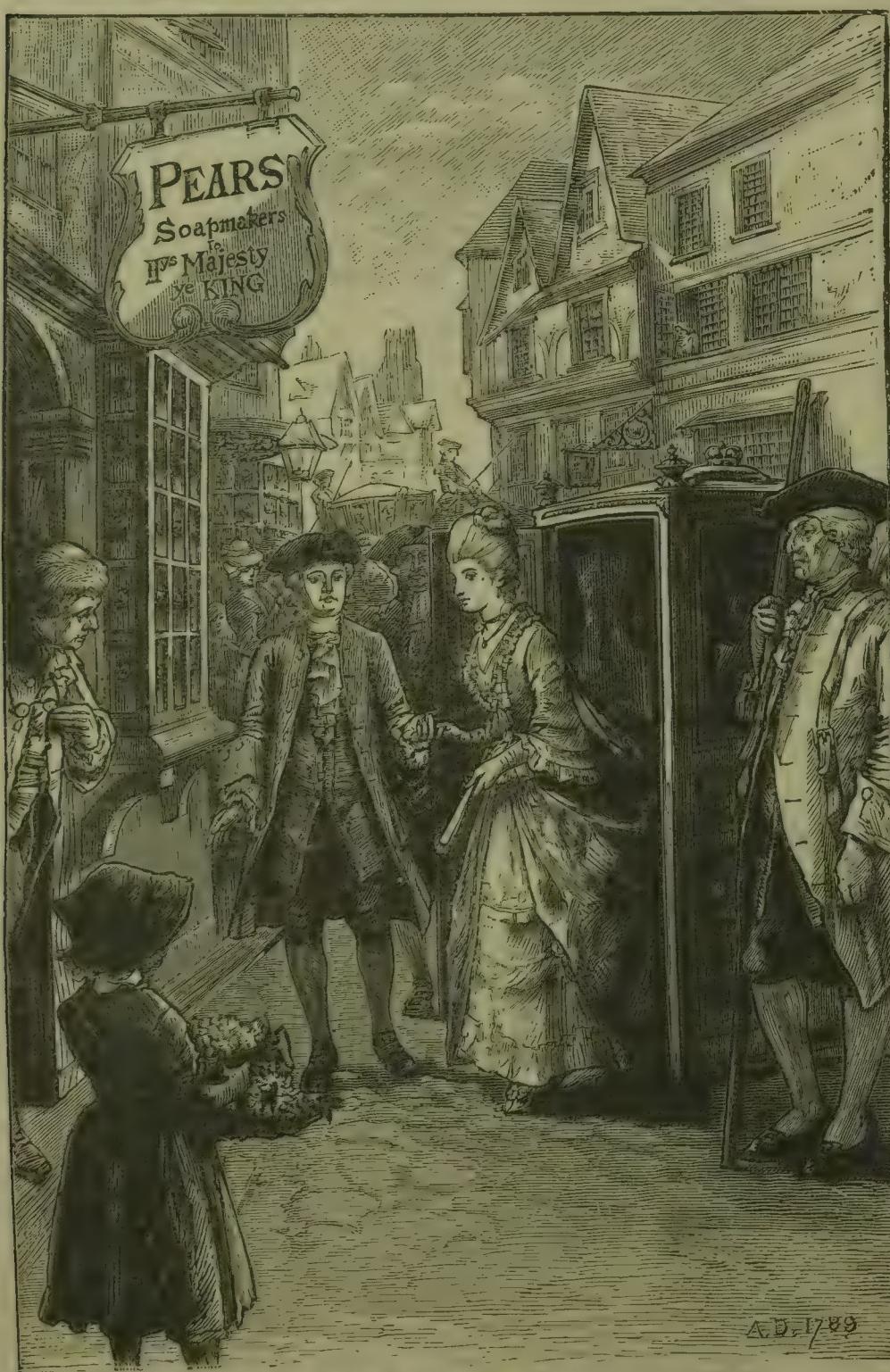
A slight tremor passed across the county of Midlothian on the morning of Friday, Jan. 18, adding another to the long list of minor earthquakes by which Scotland has been shaken during the present century.

A dinner was given on Jan. 21 at Limmer's Hotel, Hanover-square, to the Earl of Onslow, on his appointment as Governor of New Zealand. The dinner was given by the Onslow Lodge of Mark Master Masons, of which lodge his Lordship was the first Worshipful Master.

The Newspaper Press Fund, in the annual report of its committee, is stated to have maintained its prosperity and to have increased its usefulness during the past year. The grants exceeded in number and amount those of any previous year, and the invested funds now reach a total of £18,050. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will preside at the anniversary dinner, which will be held on Saturday, June 1.

Master T. Sharples, A.C.O., of Worsley, aged fourteen, pupil of Mr. R. Froude Coules, has passed the recent examination for the professional diploma of Associate of the College of Organists. Master Sharples is the youngest candidate by several years who has gained this diploma. He has studied music under Mr. Coules from nine years of age, and was appointed organist of Christchurch, Patricroft, Manchester, after competition, at the age of thirteen.

The council of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales have recently had under consideration designs for the erection of a hall and offices submitted by six selected architects. With the assistance of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, they have selected the design prepared by Mr. John Belcher, F.R.I.B.A., of 5, Adelaide-place, London. The building, which is to be erected at Coleman-street Buildings, Moorgate-street, is estimated to cost £17,250, and will comprise a hall for examinations and meetings, council chamber, a handsome and commodious library for the use of members, and secretarial and other offices. Building operations will be at once proceeded with.



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Exceptionally interesting was the private view of the "Century of British Art" at the Grosvenor Gallery on Jan. 19. Dress was much newer in style and handsomer in fabric than at the Academy, and more notable women were present. Lady Randolph Churchill wore a charming gown of the lightest shade of cinnamon cashmere, made with the full sleeves that are one of the features of the latest style. They are cut very wide at the top and fulled in to the armhole, so as to rise quite high on the shoulder and to sit in a full, though shaped, puff as far as the elbow; there, however, they take on again the plain coat form with which we are familiar, and fit closely to the arm from elbow to wrist. Lady Randolph's dress was made with the two halves of the bodice different, the left side fastening from shoulder to waist edged with a band of beaver, and the right side draped with a thick sort of black lace; beaver formed also a collar, and a band along the foot of the almost plain skirt. The tall and elegant form of Lady De Grey was gowned in a Directoire coat of palest chocolate amazon cloth, with "Empire" half-belt, vest and revers of the same stuff, braided with narrow lines of gold. The short seal plush jacket, which the heat of the room soon compelled her to remove, was provided with a fitting vest of brown cloth with lines of gold braid run closely upon it, so as to match the dress. Lady Coleridge wore the artistic contrast of grey and green. Lady Colin Campbell, who has been very quiet of late in her costume, wore a bottle-green cloth redingote, made absolutely plainly, except that it fastened diagonally to the left shoulder beneath a narrow band of skunk fur, which also edged the bottom; her hat was pale green felt, with wings of light and dark green. It would not be Lady Colin, however, if there were not something striking about her costume, and accordingly the slight folds of drapery at the waist, which relieved the utter straightness of the coat, were held together by a long diamond brooch.

Amongst the many actresses present, Miss Rosina Filippi was noticeable in a black plush loose coat with copper-coloured vest; and Miss Norreys in red silk round jersey and black silk skirt, under an open coat of black plush, trimmed with beaver. A very pretty and original dress was of silver-grey faille, made with a plain bodice, laced down the front with a round black cord, and a single loose narrow revers passing from waist to left shoulder, covered with black passementerie, which also appeared on the skirt. The sleeves of this dress were wide and high at the top. So were those of the noticeably handsome gown worn by Mrs. Akroyd, which was of greyish-brown ladies' cloth, with loose fronts to the bodice, trimmed with gold passementerie ornaments and beaver, and front and big sleeves of elephant-coloured velvet. There are none of those ugly "aesthetic" eccentricities of costume to be seen now-a-days at the Grosvenor, that once used to give its Private Views so marked an individuality; but there were many original dresses, with the unmistakable stamp of good taste on their novelty; and the show was as brilliant as it was crowded all the afternoon.

A girl has just been detected by the police of Bradford in a protracted and purposeless fraud, which is, however, by no means unique in the records of female folly. She wrote threatening letters to herself and to her bosom friend, and on the strength of them appealed for police protection and for the special prayers of the minister and congregation of her favourite chapel. Three or four dreadful letters were produced at intervals; and ultimately the enterprising damsel rushed into her home one night in great agitation to display a

rather serious wound newly inflicted on her arm. She declared that this was the result of a sudden attack made upon her by a strange man in the garden of her parents' house. Being pressed by the detectives, however, she at length was brought to full confession: she owned that the tale was all a mere concoction on her part, and that her terrors, no less than her wounds, were of her own deliberate production! It does not appear that this girl endeavoured to affix the guilt of threatening and injuring her on any individual. Probably she would have been led to do this had she carried on her fraud with longer and more complete success. Such has, at all events, happened in preceding cases; and it is right that aberrations of the moral sense like this should be known and borne in mind, so that hysterical girls may not be encouraged to make charges affecting the happiness or reputation of others without a healthy scepticism being displayed in close examination of the facts.

Why, one of the most dreadful epidemics of delusion in the history of the human mind, which swept away Magistrates, clergymen, and men of business in its force was, in its origin, the deliberate work of two sharp and unscrupulous girls afflicted with the diseased craving for sympathy and attention which characterises the obscure state that doctors call "hysteria"! It was in Salem, Massachusetts, at a time when the belief in witchcraft was still a part of the faith of all the many contending sects of Christendom; when Blackstone could declare that "to disbelieve in witchcraft and sorcery was equally opposed to the universal belief of mankind in all times and to the revealed Word of God," while John Wesley wrote that "giving up witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible." In spite of this assured belief, persecutions of supposed witches were not so common as might have been expected. But in Salem, in 1692, there was an extraordinary outburst of superstition, which led to awful results. In the short space of three months, twenty poor creatures, men and women, were hanged for the crime of witchcraft, sturdily declaring their innocence to the last; fifty-five others, less resolute for their honour, escaped death by confessing that they had indeed held personal intercourse with evil spirits and trafficked with the Devil, and by promising reformation; and 350 others were lying under accusation. This all began with the pranks of two girls, about fourteen years of age, daughters of a clergyman, and another one, their great friend. These three mischievous children began to make strange noises and gestures, to creep under chairs, and otherwise to strive by any means to attract attention to themselves, with the same imbecile vanity that has just been displayed by the Bradford girl of two hundred years later. Instead of shutting them up separately and giving them very nasty and powerful medicinal treatment, those girls' father declared that they were bewitched, and implored them to tell him by whom. They hesitated for a long time, but at last accused an old Indian woman servant of the house. Strange to say, the poor creature on being charged actually confessed her guilt—she owned to having a league with the Devil, by means of which she had afflicted the Rev. Mr. Parris's daughters with the tendency to play the foolish tricks by which they were distinguishing themselves. So she was sent to prison. She afterwards declared that her master had whipped her till she made her confession; but the all-important fact was that she did make it. Thus encouraged, the wicked little girls accused more and more people; other accusers were added to them; and the shocking results mentioned above came about.

At the end of three months, the accusers, unluckily for themselves, charged with witchcraft the noblest and most

saintly woman in Salem. Happily, her character and her individuality could resist even such an attack. Everybody felt that it was so certain that Mrs. Hale (for such was that strong woman's name) was not an emissary of evil that the wretched girls destroyed their own power by the charge against her. There were no more prosecutions; a general fast, and a declaration from the leading men of the town of their regret for "our errors in acting on such evidence for the condemning of any person" closed the affair for the moment. But years afterwards one of those girls, restored to her right mind, and plagued by the memory of the murders and the tortures that she had caused, made in her church a public declaration of the falsehood of her evidence, and a full confession of her sin and her repentance, owning that it was all a deliberate imposture, entered on as a freak and persisted in from wickedness and cowardice together. When we have the Bradford tale to show that the Parris girls have their successors, this story is worth remembering.

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CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY.

The Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels held its usual monthly meeting, on Jan. 17, at the offices, No. 2, Dean's-yard, Westminster Abbey. The Rev. C. F. Norman was in the chair. Grants of money were made in aid of the following objects—viz., building new churches at Newfield, Holy Saviour, in the parish of Byers-green, near Spennymoor, £80; Newton Moor, St. Stephen, in the parish of Newton-in-Mottram, Chester, £100; and West Hartlepool, St. Aidan, £80; and towards enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in the churches at Alderton, St. Margaret's, near Cheltenham, £25; Barnsley, St. George, Yorks, £20; Upper Tooting, Holy Trinity, Surrey, £100; and Winestead, St. Germaine, near Hull, £20. Grants were also made from the Special Mission Buildings Fund towards building mission churches at Derby, St. Dunstan's-by-the-Forge, £40; Storer-road, in the parish of All Saints, Loughborough, £25; and Wimblebury, in the parish of Hedgesford, near Stafford, £25. The following grants were also paid for works completed:—Roath, St. Saviour's, Cardiff, £150; Hythe, St. Leonard's, Kent, £100; Netheravon, All Saints', near Salisbury, £40; Aberystwyth, Holy Trinity, £80; New Normanton, St. Augustine, near Derby, £10; Fratton-road, in the parish of St. Mary, Portsea, £30; Binstead-road, St. Stephen's, Buckland, Portsea, £20; and Abergwynfi, in the parish of Llangynwyd, near Bridgend, £25.

The conductors and supporters of the Surrey Association for the Blind gave a dinner on Jan. 19 to a number of their poor people in the big work-room, Peckham-road.—The annual Christmas-tree festival at the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Upper Norwood, took place on the same day.

Among the valuable literary treasures left by the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps are his magnificent group of sixty folio volumes, containing his collections from 1854 to 1887 on the life of Shakespeare and the history of the English stage, and also all the unbound papers in eight drawers indicated alphabetically, in his largest iron safe at Hollingbury Copse, which are to be deposited at the Chancery-lane Safe Deposit until they can be sold for £1200 or more, or, if such price cannot be obtained in the course of twelve years, they are to be sold by auction in one lot, for the benefit of his wife and daughters then living.

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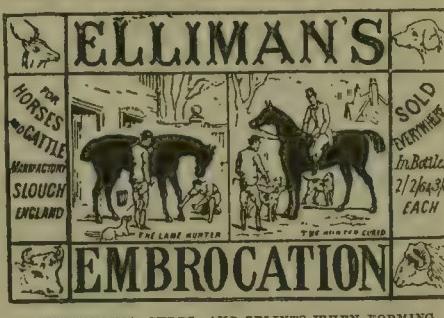
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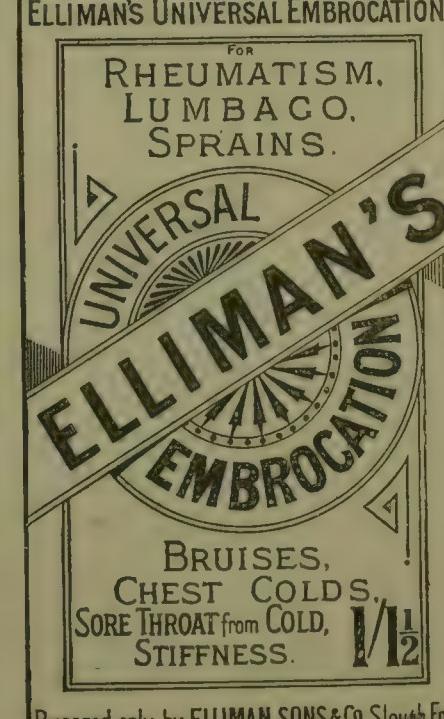
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MUSIC.

The Monday evening Popular Concert of Jan. 21 included a performance of Schubert's Octet for stringed and wind instruments: a work similar in extent of design and construction, and comparable in beauty, if not in grandeur, to the Septet of Beethoven, also composed for a combination of stringed and wind instruments. This latter immortal work—which no number of repetitions can ever render too familiar—was given at the Saturday afternoon Popular Concert of Jan. 19, the executants in this case having been Madame Néruda, MM. Hollander, Lazarus, Paersch, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti; Schubert's Octet, given at the following evening concert, having been rendered by the same lady violinist, MM. Ries and Straus, and the five last-named executants of the Septet. It is unnecessary to say that, with such interpreters, each of the great works referred to received a worthy rendering. Madame Haas was the pianist at both concerts, Mr. Santley having been the vocalist on the Saturday and Miss H. D'Alton on the Monday. Each concert comprised details too familiar to need specification.

At the Albert Hall on Jan. 22 Madame Patti bade farewell to the London public prior to her second visit to South America. The hall was crowded.

Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall have fully half completed their third season; six evening performances and one afternoon concert having been given. The programme of the sixth evening concert—on Jan. 22—included an entr'acte from Weber's opera, "The Three Pintos." The work—left incomplete in manuscript—was founded on a Spanish subject of a humorous kind, and belongs to the year 1821, a period between the production of "Der Freischütz" and "Euryanthe." The opera now referred to has recently been completed, and produced in Germany. The movement given on the occasion now referred to is light and graceful in style, slight in structure, but pleasing in effect, with some good orchestral contrasts. The concert included Mendelssohn's beautiful hymn, "Hear my Prayer," the soprano solo in which was sung with much expression by Mrs. Henschel, in association with the orchestra and the excellent Bow and Bromley Institute Choir.

A concert—organised by Mr. Sims Reeves—was given at St. James's Hall, on Jan. 21, in aid of a fund for the benefit of the Misses Leech, sisters of the eminent artist who was for many years an important associate of the staff of *Punch*. The programme was of strong and varied interest, but requires no detailed comment, having been devoid of absolute novelty. The vocal selection was effectively rendered by several eminent artists; Mr. Reeves having been unable to fulfil his intended co-operation, owing to a severe cold. Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé) and Mlle. Janotta contributed, respectively, brilliant violin and pianoforte solos; and some part-music was well sung by the London Vocal Union.

As already briefly intimated, Miss Macintyre appeared, for the first time at the Royal Albert Hall, at the fifth concert of the present season of the Royal Choral Society. The young

lady's performance in the important soprano solos assigned to Margaret, in Berlioz's "Faust" music, was such as to form a worthy pendant to the success achieved by her as a leading prima donna in Mr. Harris's last year's season of the Covent-Garden Italian Opera. Some little indication of nervousness was apparent in her earliest efforts in the exceptionally vast space of the Albert Hall; but this soon wore off, and Miss Macintyre's pure quality of voice and genuine musical feeling secured a legitimate success. The other solo vocalists were, as announced, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. H. Pyatt.

The second of the vocal and pianoforte recitals given by Herr Max Heinrich and Mr. E. Moor at Steinway Hall, has already been briefly advertized to. We may now further state that the occasion included the performance of a sonata for pianoforte and violin, composed by Mr. Moor, and performed by him and M. Wessely. The work is well written, and includes a very effective "scherzo." The vocal selection comprised the efficient co-operation of Miss Lena Little with Herr Heinrich in duets by Brahms; the artistic singing of that gentleman in portions of Schumann's "Liederkreis," Op. 39, having been a special feature of the concert.

The third of the present series of Novello's Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall, on Jan. 23, was appropriated to a performance of "Elijah"; the solo vocalists announced having been Mesdames Nordica and Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Henschel.

Burns Commemoration concerts were announced to take place at the Royal Albert Hall and St. James's Hall on Jan. 25, in celebration of the birth of the poet. At each building a programme was provided of strong national interest, supported by eminent performers.

The recent evening performance of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall brought forward four new songs which bid fair, judging by their reception, to become popular. Hope Temple's "The Old Manor-House" (sung by Mrs. Mary Davies), Mr. Molloy's "We'll keep the old grey mare, John" (rendered by Madame Sterling), Stephen Adams's "Mona" and "Six o'clock in the bay" (the first sung by Mr. Lloyd the other by Mr. Maybrick) all proved highly effective. The following concert, on Jan. 23, was an afternoon performance, the programme having been of the usual varied and attractive nature.

Mr. Francesco Berger's "Après-Midi Instrumentales" are now in their twentieth season. This accomplished musician and sterling pianist (the worthy honorary secretary of the Philharmonic Society) directs the performances above referred to with sound taste and judgment, the selections being made with the view of cultivating the highest taste in the department of instrumental music. The executants consist chiefly of lady performers—mostly pupils of Mr. Berger, in association with eminent professors—by whom the chamber music of the great masters is rendered, a good instance being offered by a recent concert, which included fine works by Beethoven, Hummel, Rubinstein, and Hauptmann.

The Olympic Theatre was announced to be opened on

Jan. 26 for operatic performances, beginning with Wallace's "Maritana."

"If all the year were a single day" is the title of an "oak-apple song," the music by Rosamond Francillon. It is dedicated to Princess Louis of Bavaria, "in loving remembrance of the restoration of the House of Stuart, A.D. 1660, and of the return of the King"; the title-page referring also to the dates 1648-9, 1688, 1715, and 1745. The Princess just named is, we believe, a direct descendant of the elder branch of the Stuarts; and the song has a special interest, historical and sentimental, in the enthusiastic Royalist expression of the text which is allied to some spirited music supplied by Mrs. Francillon, who has infused a touch of characteristic Scotch rhythm in the vocal strains. Mr. Joseph Williams is the publisher.

Dr. Franz Hueffer, the musical critic of the *Times* newspaper, died on Jan. 19, after a brief illness.

The death (under sad, and even tragic, surroundings) is reported, from Munich, of Madame Ilma De Murska, the eminent operatic prima donna, who was for some seasons a celebrity on our own Italian opera stage. She possessed a soprano voice of exceptionally high range, and brilliant executive powers, which were specially manifested in such characters as the Queen of Night, in Mozart's "Il Flauto Magico"; Dinorah, in Meyerbeer's opera so named; the Queen, in the same composer's "Les Huguenots"; Senta, in Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer"; and Donizetti's "Lucia"—not to mention many other instances in which she attained deserved eminence. The termination of so distinguished a career under the pressure (as is reported) of undeserved misfortune is sad to contemplate.

At Brompton Hospital on Tuesday evening, Jan. 22, one of the most enjoyable entertainments of the present season was given by the St. Mark's College (Chelsea) choir boys, past and present. The programme consisted of an operetta, "The Rose and the Ring," which was exceedingly well performed by all concerned; and gave immense pleasure to a large audience, who testified their delight by rounds of applause. Among the special features of the performance was a dance by Countess Gruffman, a duet by Princess Angelica and Prince Giglio, and a "bones" solo by a very youthful performer. The whole of the operetta was under the direction of Mr. Owen Breden, who arranged the music, and to whom the committee were again indebted for a delightful evening.

DEATH.

On Jan. 18, at Castelnau House, Barnes, Major Charles Lestock Boileau, late of the Rifle Brigade, youngest son of the late John Peter Boileau, Esq., of Tacolnestone Hall, Norfolk, and Mortlake, Surrey, in the 89th year of his age.

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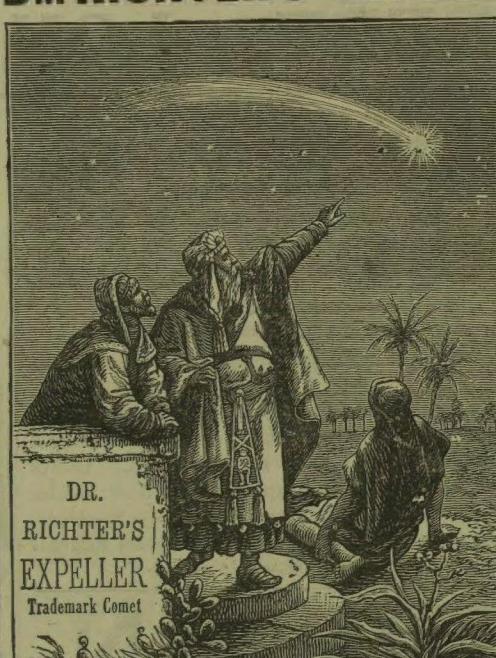
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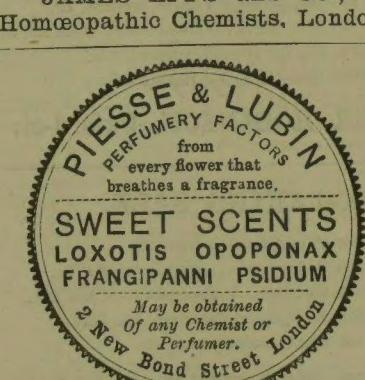
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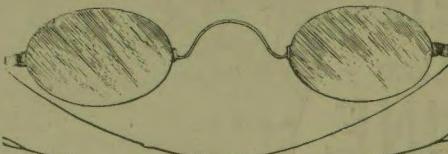
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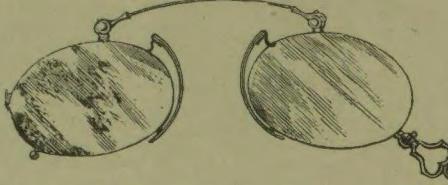
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